

The Critic

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Literature

The Stevens Fac-similes*

THE TONE of the great part of the letters addressed by their spies and informants during the early years of the Revolution to William Eden (afterwards Lord Auckland), the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Suffolk and Lord Stormont, which Mr. B. F. Stevens of Vermont and London has reproduced by lithography, recalls the talk the Marquis de Chastellux had in 1782 with Mr. Harrison, then Governor of Virginia. Harrison told him the Virginians of the common sort, having had no experience of any rigor on the part of the British Government, were not particularly impressed by the fact that the Boston folk resented a duty on tea and were in rebellion. But a deputation thus addressed Jefferson, Lee and himself: 'You assert that there is a fixed intention to invade our rights and privileges; we own that we do not see this clearly; but since you assert that this is so, we believe the fact.' Fortunately a speech by Lord North arrived soon after to give warrant for the arguments of these leaders, designed to arouse Virginia from indifference and indolence. The letters to those in power in England from men of as much education and mark as Paul Wentworth, brother of the last Governor of the Massachusetts Colony, confirm by their tone the overbearing nature of the English statesmen. They are apologetic to servility. Citizen Paine could not have been very far out when, in his celebrated Letter to the Abbé Reynal, he said:—'The most vulgar abuse, accompanied by that species of haughtiness which distinguishes the hero of a mob from the character of a gentleman—it was as much from her *manners*, as from her injustice, that she lost the colonies. By the latter she provoked their principles, by the former she exhausted their patience. And it ought to be held out to the world to show how necessary it is to conduct the business of government with civility.' On the other hand, these letters, as far as published, do not support a theory broached in that letter by Common-Sense Paine, that the British Cabinet had a fixed determination to quarrel with America at all events, or that 'they expected from a conquest what they could neither propose with decency nor hope for by negotiations.'

The two volumes thus far issued may be roughly divided as to contents in three parts—namely, the reports of Mr. Paul Wentworth, a zealous and possibly an honest man, who, however, was not above purloining cards, seals and letters from the residences of Americans in Paris to send to his employers; letters and papers of the Earl of Carlisle, a straightforward but youthful diplomatist, who came to New York in hopes of negotiating a peace, but was kept in the dark concerning movements on the part of the ruling statesmen and the military which foredoomed his efforts to failure; and the letters of a parcel of disgusting spies and informers at London and Paris who pretended to be American in feeling so as to remain in the employ of Franklin and Silas Deane. Of these rogues one George Lupton was the most complete; another was Dr. Edward Bancroft; and a

third—a sort of Fagin to educate men in the science of opening letters for the taking of transcripts, or of stealing packets—was the Rev. John Vardill. One of his pupils was a Capt. Joseph Hynson, to whom offers were made by the American Commissioners in Paris to carry a vessel with ammunition, stores and despatches from Havre to America. A fine plot was hatched, in pursuance of which the vessel Hynson was to command was allowed to leave England for Havre. The British cruisers in the Channel were to be notified, and when the capture was made Hynson was to be on board playing the part of a merchant bound for the French West Indies, but with incriminating papers on him. The backing and filling of the French Court, or else pure chance, so arranged matters that Hynson never got a vessel. He supplied a good deal of information concerning the seaports where vessels were preparing for America; but it may be doubted whether any part of it was news in Downing Street. Finally he left France in a huff because another captain was given a vessel he wanted; but before going he managed to extract from the parcel in which they lay all the despatches from Franklin and Deane and to fill the hollow with waste paper. When the other captain came in, Hynson had thoroughly fastened up and sealed the parcel. With these despatches he fled to London, whence he had the incredible stupidity to write to Silas Deane, proposing to sell out his English patrons. But all this while the Post Office was in the hands of the creatures of the Government. Anthony Todd, Secretary of the Post Office, boasts from Dover how expert his young men are in opening letters and sealing them again, though he constantly complains that the labor of despatching the mails interferes with these more necessary tasks. So that while Hynson was enjoying himself once more with the various 'girls' with whom he had kept up amorous correspondence during his exile in France, the answer of Silas Deane to his proposal was under the eyes of his patrons. Considering the discredit into which Deane fell later, this rebuke ought to be read, since it bears every mark of honesty—a trait which we also find in the memoranda by Paul Wentworth of interviews between him and Deane after Burgoyne's disaster, looking to some ground of approach to negotiations between England and America. It is labelled: 'Copy of a letter intercepted in the General Post Office.'

PARIS, 26 October 1777.

TO CAPTAIN HYNSON: I do not write you to reproach you for the ungrateful and treacherous part you have acted;—I leave this to your own Reflections; but as you have had the Assurance to write to me, and to propose the betraying your new Patrons, in the manner you have wickedly but in vain attempted to betray your former, and with them your Country, I must tell you that no Letters from you will be received by

DEANE.

Some of the spies used false names, and Paul Wentworth often indulges in a very childlike and perspicuous cryptogram, numbers being used for names. Generally the context makes the cryptogram unnecessary. Wentworth has great theories on currency, coin, crops and things in general, some or all of which he ventilates in his despatches to the future Lord Auckland. He is always protesting disinterestedness, and possibly did waste substance on various impracticable schemes for the betterment of the world. Then there is a Lieut.-Col. E. Smith, who flares off to the Continent like a comet, promising great things, but seemingly turning to a mere rocket—all fizz and stick. The American Commissioners were so surrounded by spies that the wonder is that they were not put in sacks and shipped alive to London. That there was danger after Burgoyne's surrender and the sinister activity in French and Dutch shipyards consequent thereon appears from the fact that Franklin and Deane were protected by guards. The letter just given testifies to Deane's merit. It may be said that the disparagement of Franklin in the letters of spies in his own household only enhance his fame, for the grumbling revolves constantly on his closeness. Deane is chidden for pride; Arthur Lee is said to keep a mistress,

* Fac-similes of Manuscripts in European Archives Relating to America: 1771-1783. With Descriptions, Editorial Notes, References and Translations. Vols. I.-II. (Nos. 1 to 233.) \$25 per vol. London, 4 Trafalgar Square: B. F. Stevens.

to be overbearing, and distrusted by his colleagues of the Commission, whilst his brother Alderman Lee is not admitted at all into the counsels of Franklin and Deane. The latter tells Paul Wentworth that he prefers England to France. He relates that Franklin wept to think of his estrangement from his friends in England. But neither would listen to anything until the withdrawal of the troops and formal recognition of American independence. Very able are the arguments addressed by the Commissioners to the French Court (duly stolen and sent to London), by which they show that the French have already gone too far to recede, because as soon as the war with the colonies can be suspended, England will turn all her naval power against the nation that has allowed privateers to be built and manned and victualled in her ports, and prizes seized on the coasts of England to be sold in France.

The fac-similes of manuscripts belonging to the Earl of Carlisle at Castle Howard are particularly interesting from the reports as to the state of the Colonies in 1777 and 1778, either received at New York by the Earl or forwarded to him later. Some are from Tories who corroborate all that has been said about the wretched state of the farmers, the depreciation of currency and misery of the people. Chief-Justice William Smith, whom the outgone Chief-Justice Jones in his 'History of the City of New York,' published by the New York Historical Society some years ago from the Delancey archives, reviles as a traitor to the English, writes to the Earl of Carlisle like a Tory of the most determined sort. He was said by Jones, however, to have fled to New York in order to betray the English, and Jones pointed out that while other Tories were plundered after 1782, the astute William Smith escaped and lived honored by the patriots. So that on both sides of the Atlantic the game of cunning seems to have been played with greater or less success. The Carlisle manuscripts contain one letter from J. Hare, a man of fashion, who seems to have racked his brains for news to amuse the Earl, and in so doing makes insinuations and relates anecdotes of unusual brutality and indecency even for that age. This letter and several others have hardly a shadow of relation to the American struggle, and might have been omitted with advantage. But the series is an admirable one otherwise, and of great use for corroborating or altering one's views of actors in the American Revolution, gathered from Bancroft, Sparks and other historians.

Mr. Stevens proposes to draw on the archives of Spain and Holland as well as France and England for his fac-similes. He seeks unpublished material, and wishes to provide students with a library of original letters for the Revolutionary period. In these two volumes the notes and descriptions are meagre. The letters are separate and printed on small folio sheets of hand-laid paper, thus approaching in appearance the letters of the period. They come in strong boxes duly labelled on the back, 130 letters in the first and 103 in the second. The scheme is not only novel, but good. The edition is limited to 200 copies, plates being destroyed as soon as that number is printed, and each letter bearing the Stevens stamp and watermark. The succeeding volumes will be awaited with the keenest interest.

"Gems from Walt Whitman"*

COMPRESSING Walt Whitman into a 'gem-book' is like trying to catch a cascade in a tea-cup. The superabundance of the man 'spills over,' and the vanishing beauty of foam and swiftness, of arrowy line and sweeping thought is lost in the isolated stanzas and bursts of music selected as 'Specimen Collect.' Indeed, the difficulty of 'sampling' Whitman is almost insuperable. You want the full roar and torrent of the man, with all his splash and turgescence and sprinkled iridescent lights about him; for if you gather him into a little shining pool and cry, 'Here he is!' the shining

*Gems from Walt Whitman. Selected by Elizabeth Porter Gould. 50 cts. Philadelphia: D. McKay.

leaves him, and the iridescence, and he is like a dead fish on the shores of the living sea. But take him alive and immeasurable as he is, in the fullness of his published self, without pruning or literary shampooing, and he will show himself to you in as many shapes as Proteus—winsome, humane, tender, optimistic,—the poet who has solved the ancient controversy between rhyme and rhythm, between motion and tinkle, between classic tintinnabulation and the great movement that fills the world. And in him the rhythm of ideas matches the rhythm of words: there is a wild yet noble flow of meditation melodious in itself, without the need of artificialities and poetic inventions to strengthen or intensify it. Whitman is like that strange Siberian stone which is an emerald by day and a ruby by night: he is different at different times, mood-struck or moon-struck according to *your* mood, as variable as a silk that is shot through and through with subtle filaments that take fire and sheen only as they fall on a particular light. This variable-ness makes it peculiarly difficult to select from his poems such things as have a constant and perpetual beauty. To-day—perhaps to-morrow—pages appear rubbish, without smack or significance; while the day after, the rubbish turns to a heap of jewels that glint and gladden under your very fingers; this incalculableness is one of the poet's charms: his 'vistas' are like those of nature, one day overclouded, sunless, sombre; anon flickering in live sunlight, full of leafy distances where the lights and shadows fall magically, and where natural sounds of bird and beast, immemorially old, quaver among the quivering tree-trunks. Miss Gould showed in her charming essay 'Walt Whitman among the Soldiers' (CRITIC, May 28, 1887) that she was a true lover of the Esau-like old man with his savor of woods and game and sylvan sympathies; and she does him a good deed in her effort of the year '90 to popularize his utterances and make them fit into a Whitman album. Many fine passages are quoted from his books: many golden-and-crimson autumn leaves are shaken down from the old tree; but, after all, one would rather not see them shaken down and varnished and veneered and glued into an album—except for the saving purpose of popularization. Everybody has flowers-of-Bethlehem stuck in his keepsake-books, or scallop-shell from Oberammergau, or olivewood from Gethsemane. A true-lover's-knot of Whitman-blossoms is a pretty trifle, after all.

Mr. Depew's "Orations and After-Dinner Speeches"

THIS COLLECTION of the speeches of one of our favorite orators has been revised by Mr. Depew himself. The number is about fifty, and a great variety of subjects is embraced; yet most of the addresses may be divided into three classes. The longer and more elaborate ones are largely on topics in our national life and history; several were delivered on the anniversaries of schools or colleges, and deal with educational themes; while most of the others are after-dinner speeches of a more or less humorous character. Mr. Depew has many of the qualifications of the orator in more than ordinary degree. He is one of the foremost business managers in the country and a skilful leader in politics; and he has also, what most of our politicians and business men have not, a good academic and legal training and an extensive acquaintance with literature. Hence we find in his speeches that combination of thoughtfulness and practicality which the orator ought to have; and to this are added an easy flow of language, great readiness of resource and an entertaining wit. His aptness of expression is seen in almost every speech; as when he says of the old confederation of the United States that it 'was not a government, but a ghost,' and when he calls the common school 'the sheet-anchor of the Ship of State.' Another example is the humorous remark that 'it is the peculiarity of the Scotchman that he keeps the Sabbath day—and everything else that he can lay his hands on.' The combination of qualities here noted

*Orations and After-Dinner Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew. \$2.50. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

accounts for Mr. Depew's popularity as a speaker, and will doubtless make this book popular. Of the various speeches here collected, the most elaborate and generally interesting is the first in the volume, being the oration delivered at the Washington Centennial last year. Of course, on so well-worn a topic not much that was original could be said; but the orator brought out very clearly the principal services rendered by Washington in civil affairs both before and after he became President. Mr. Depew holds, with all clear-sighted Americans, that the excellence of our political system is in its union of liberty and law, and this sentiment is the keynote of many of the historical and political addresses in this volume. But he also sees, what some exclusive Americans do not see, or will not admit, that the success of our Government so far, and its continued successes in the future, are dependent on the virtues of the common people, and not on the virtues of the exclusive ones themselves. In dealing with educational themes, he shows a rather conservative tendency, speaking approvingly of the curriculum of his Alma Mater, Yale, and looking askance on the elective system and some other features of the 'new education.' In addressing the Press Club he paints a glowing picture of the possibilities of the newspaper; but he also shows us the reverse of the shield—certain bad tendencies of the press at the present time, its mercenary character and its vulgar curiosity. The after-dinner speeches in the volume before us are so numerous and so varied that we have no space to particularize them. They show the speaker's wit and felicity of phrase, and also his power of adapting himself to the audience and the occasion. All who enjoy post-prandial addresses, as well as those who like more thoughtful and serious utterances, will be interested in the book.

"The Book"*

HENRI BOUCHOT'S 'Le Livre,' having run through one English edition, has been taken up and extended, by a process analogous to that known as 'extra-illustrating,' by H. Grevel who, without taking away anything from the original, from which nothing could be spared, has added much of interest especially to the English reader. Thus, at page 116, is introduced an account of the chief productions of English printers and publishers in the sixteenth century; Queen Elizabeth's 'Book of Christian Prayers,' printed by John Day in 1578, with cuts designed by Holbein and Durer; the Coverdale Bible, 1535, printed in Antwerp, with cuts by Beham; Holinshed's 'Chronicles,' 1577; the first edition of Chaucer, printed by Godfrey in 1532; Sir Thomas More's 'Works,' 1557; Spenser's 'Faerie Queen,' 1590; and 'Piers Plowman,' 1550. The first establishment of printing-presses at London, Dublin and Cambridge in that century is noted, but it is admitted that a great many English books were printed abroad, at Paris, Rouen and Antwerp. To Chapter IV. is added some account of the first folio editions of Shakespeare and other dramatists of the Elizabethan age; the first editions of Chapman's Homer; of the authorized Version of the Bible, 1611; of 'Purchas: His Pilgrimes,' Walton's 'Angler,' Butler's 'Hudibras,' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' 1667. Of English eighteenth-century printers and type-founders we have notices of Baskerville and Caxton, the former of whom is mentioned by M. Bouchot under the Gallicised form of Baskewille. Hogarth, Stodhard, Blake, are not mentioned in the French work, but the omission is rectified in the present. Bouchot's mention of Bewick is extended to a paragraph, with three illustrations from his cuts; and a few words about Franklin and the beginnings of printing in the United States are also added. A good deal relative to English and German illustrators is appended to Bouchot's sixth chapter. A special chapter on 'Incunabula' and a topographical index are very useful additions. The translation is sometimes clumsy, and in a few instances

seriously at fault, as on page 248, where the translator has misapplied what M. Bouchot says about photographic and other mechanical processes to wood-engraving. The illustrations of the French book are reproduced with good effect on a much larger page. There are some sixty new illustrations, and the volume is handsomely bound in white and gold.

An Evangelical Catholic*

LEADER and follower, hero and biographer are well joined in this, the third volume of the well-planned series of American Religious Leaders. After the towering intellect of Congregationalism, the ceaseless activity and polemic zeal of Methodism, as exemplified in the two New England men,—Edwards and Fisk,—we turn now to study one who was the incarnation of the German religious character, and one of the broadest and most richly endowed figures in the history of Episcopacy in America. Of that superb Pennsylvania German stock (which Dr. Newton so strangely misapprehends), and inheriting the race trait and power of mysticism (in its best sense), withal the heir of the catholic genius of Lutheranism, William Augustus Muhlenberg seemed predestined to be a mighty man of God in whatever fold of the 'one flock one Shepherd' Providence should call him to labor and to lead. The writer has often heard from the lips of a grandaunt how she and her companions of both sexes, growing up to learn English and leaving German to parents and old folks, would on Sundays stray off from the Lutheran church in Philadelphia, across the green fields to Christ Church, where Washington had sat, and English was spoken. In the same way, perhaps sometimes in the same company, the little boy Muhlenberg and his sister, going often to the same ancient edifice in Second Street, grew up in the bosom of the Church he loved with intensest love until death.

The biographer's slur on the good people of Lancaster (p. 13) is a slander on the Germans of that city. His lack of knowledge of the real facts, and the confusion in his mind caused by prejudice and ignorance, is seen in his assertion that this community's 'ideal of an Eden was a Dutch farm, with a Dutch village in the background, such as Washington Irving has described,' etc. The italics are ours. When it is remembered that the Germans of Pennsylvania printed the first Bible in America and the earliest and best specimen of colonial printing in this country, and supplied the printer Benjamin Franklin with half his custom, such a slur is as false as it is cruel. The facts are, that the Germans were naturally conservative concerning the abolition of the tongue of the fatherland, and were alarmed at the death-blow to be dealt at their parochial schools by public taxation and the introduction of English, and were hurt by Muhlenberg's failure to win his own fellow-citizens of the same blood and lineage. In a word, the ripe Christian and matchless gentleman, whom we all remember as the ministering archangel at Saint Luke's Hospital in New York, was no more in the impetuous young man of twenty-four than October's sweetness is found in the green Spitzenberg apple of June. The ridiculous paragraph about Lancaster and its people ought to be expunged in the second edition into which we trust this work will soon enter. Apart from this early portion, copied hastily from doubtful sources, or through an interpretation against which we appeal from Muhlenberg young and raw to Muhlenberg mature and saintly, the biography is a work of fine literary art. Dwelling briefly on the details of his life, the author carries out boldly, firmly and yet delicately the ideas of the projector of the series. It is high praise, but fully deserved, we think, to say that Dr. Newton has entered into the real meaning of Dr. Muhlenberg's life as subtly and profoundly as Prof. Allen into that of Jonathan Edwards. Many of the biographer's sentences are most felicitous verbal condensations of

*The Book: Its Printers, Illustrators and Binders. By Henri Bouchot. With a Treatise on the Art of Collecting, etc., by H. Grevel. \$7.50. New York: Scribner & Welford.

*Dr. Muhlenberg. By William Wilberforce Newton. (American Religious Leaders.) \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

great movements of life and thought. The chapter on 'The Growth of Institutionalism through the Influence of his Personality' is a case in point. In 'The After-Glow of his Influence' it is clearly shown, as by the unrolling of a pictured scroll, that Muhlenberg was a prophet. In his own day, by those who could not understand him—men of the Lancaster type of mind as depicted by Dr. Newton,—he was regarded as a dreamer, a Lutheran who had not put on the Episcopal uniform, and, generally, an unpractical and unchurchly man. Now, it is seen that his churchmanship was of a type that approaches as near to the ideal of the Founder and Great Shepherd as it seems possible at present to do. A lover of his kind, a friend to the poor, the unfortunate, the children, loving the Bible and a rich liturgy, building a hospital, in vital sympathy with Christians of every name, establishing St. John'sland, introducing the Christmas-tree into the church festivities, Dr. Muhlenberg was tireless in striving to incarnate Christ's ideals. In a word, he was in little things as well as in the mightiest a close follower of the Master. His heart was ever close to humanity and its hopes. His aim was to embody the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Muhlenberg was incessant in provoking to love and good works. He was vastly more than a 'Churchman,' an 'Episcopalian.' His mould was larger than that which any church, or denomination, or establishment, or sect yet seems to make, or appears able to supply with material when, in theory, the mould is made ready. How strong and simple was his vocabulary—the vocabulary of heroes and leaders always—appears in curious contrast with the abundant polysyllables, the flowing periods of his biographer.

In brief, we have in this life-history a superb theme, a notable piece of literary art and a first-class specimen of book-making. What a pity that the price (if that be it) does not allow a steel-plate or some other kind of portrait, so that one can again gather inspiration from the face of the glorious saint in whom the best of the German and the Anglo-Saxon races, the Protestant and the Catholic forms of Christianity, the Lutheran and the Episcopal church life met in harmony of body and soul.

Three Books of Travel*

IT GIVES one rather an arctic sensation to travel with Mr. Gowing on his midwinter trip across Siberia (1), whereas the sensation in reading it in the dog-days would have been delicious. The author belongs to that class of eccentric and indefatigable Englishmen who from time immemorial—before the Vikings—have undertaken impossible journeys, chosen by preference routes hedged in with difficulties of all kinds, plunged into jungles and climbed Andes and crossed Himalayas, rather than lie abed at ease in London. Anything but idleness! This is a brave and charming class of men to which the Stanleys and Lansdells, the Lumholzes and the Vincents, the Emins and the John Smiths belong, and to which the world owes geographically and morally so much. Without them the earth would be a Thibet or a Corea, full of hermetically sealed up nations and kingdoms neither knowing nor caring anything about anybody but themselves. Mr. Gowing and a friend, being at Shanghai, struck on the idea of abandoning the luxurious steamer-route homeward and going overland in the dead of winter from the Pacific to the Baltic, across Siberia in sledges from Vladivostok to Petersburg. They waited until the whole country was a sheet of ice, and then donning their furs, getting their papers, laying in a stock of frozen provisions and roubles, they scrambled over the Siberian plains, up the gelid rivers, down the steppes and lakes, in and out the winding post-roads and fetid post-houses of Asiatic and European Russia, till they had accomplished a 'rush' of over 5000 miles. This took them twelve weeks, during which they scudded along behind 1100 horses (changed at frequent intervals) and stopped at

nearly 400 stations. The scenery is all a glimmer and a whirl to them. They see little but frozen deserts and illimitable ice-fields; but on they speed, half-congealed in their deerskins, till they reach the railways of western Siberia, when civilization is before them once more. The book is an unconsciously graphic account of self-imposed difficulties, and is deeply interesting because its itinerary is so novel. Mr. Gowing gives welcome testimony to the truthfulness of Mr. Kennan's discoveries, and does much to offset the rosy 'pencilings' of the Rev. Dr. Lansdell. *His Siberia* is not Kennan's or Gowing's, but that of an optimist furnished with the best of recommendations by Russian officialism to see only what officialism wanted seen. Mr. Gowing's companion—by way of commentary—succumbed to the rigors of the trip, and went immediately into consumption.

Analogous to the sledge-trip, except for the fact that it took place in a whaler, is the exploration of Alaska and Siberia, by a New Bedford man who was struck with the marvellous nature of the accounts given by the New Bedford whaling-captains of their adventures in high latitudes, and thought (justly) that a very entertaining account might be compiled from these records supplemented by a bit of personal experience (2). Mr. Aldrich embarks at San Francisco on the whaler *Phoenix* and sails with her crew to Bering Sea. Here he 'ices' in Arctic waters, shoots his kodak at Asiatic Eskimos, slays seals and listens to exciting fo'castle yarns. He is gone on this exhilarating trip from March to October, and fills his pages with excellent photographs of boats and whaling-fleets, idiotic-looking faces from Nakoouruland, teams of Arctic dogs, and memories of Siberian and Alaskan experience. It is a land of hoar-frost and hair-seals, of iceberg and starvation, of midnight suns and tattooed women that he describes—very strange and awful and unlovely, yet with a Medusa-like fascination of its own that keeps you looking till your blood is frozen. He tells a thrilling tale (gathered from one of the actors) of the doings of the Confederate *Shenandoah* among the whaling fleet, destroying after the fall of Richmond a flotilla of sixteen or seventeen whalers worth a million of dollars. The book is entertainingly and simply written, and touches on an almost unknown side of ocean life.

'Mountaineering in Colorado' (3) is full of charming photographs and process-pictures of the peaks about Estes Park, which give it its chief value. Mr. Chapin is a quiet traveller and storyteller, and has devoted several seasons to exploring Long's Peak, Mount Hallett, Mummy and Table Mountains, and Ypsilon, Stone's, and Hague's Peaks in Northern Colorado. The reviewer's own ascent of Pike's Peak (over 14,000 feet high) on horseback was evidently much easier than the journeys described in these pages, in which the explorer was a pedestrian loaded with lunch and camera, anxious for fine views and reckless of corduroys. Hayden, Powell, King and the early pioneers have given us this region so fully in their geological and travel books that not much remains for Mr. Chapin to do but act as photographer, which he does very skilfully. A useful list of Colorado flowers and plants closes his account.

"The Reconstruction of Europe"*

MR. MURDOCK's book is interesting and well-written, but it must be confessed that it is also disappointing. When we consider what the reconstruction of Europe implies, we find that Mr. Murdock has neglected to inform us of its deeper import—of the rise of the people, especially in the Italian peninsula, of the development of constitutional government in most parts of Europe, and of the present tendency of the Continent excepting Russia toward governmental conditions whose fundamental principle is the best government for the greatest number. It is true that his preface prepares us for this disappointment, for he asserts in its first page that 'the general style of this work partakes somewhat of

* 1. *Five Thousand Miles in a Sledge*. By Lionel F. Gowing. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2. *Arctic Alaska and Siberia*. By H. L. Aldrich. \$1.50. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 3. *Mountaineering in Colorado*. By F. H. Chapin. \$2. Boston: Appalachian Mountain Club.

* *The Reconstruction of Europe*. By H. Murdock. With an Introduction by John Fluke. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

that drum and trumpet character which Mr. Green deplored; nevertheless, a book with such a title, despite the approval of Mr. Fiske in his 'Introduction,' should have a character more philosophical. The chapters which deal with the rise of Sardinia and the final union of the Italian states under the house of Savoy seem to us to be the most satisfactory. The Crimean War has been so thoroughly and delightfully written up by Mr. Kinglake, and the histories of the Franco-Prussian struggle are so numerous and so excellent, that it seems hardly necessary to have devoted so much space to them, especially to the former. There are, indeed, many neglected bits of history in the years 1850-71 which Mr. Murdock might well have brought to light.

Books like this, while not appealing greatly to the historian, are of much use to the general reader, and the author has displayed both care and judgment in the selection of his authorities. He has been industrious and judicious, and his book will be sure of an audience. The plans of the battle-fields are useful and excellent. Mr. Fiske has unhappily been compelled to compress his 'Introduction' into the brief limit of ten pages.

Minor Notices of Theological Books

BARELY in season for notice in this number of THE CRITIC comes a pamphlet whose frontispiece is a fine large photographic likeness of the Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., and whose literary contents comprise Bishop Potter's address on the completion of twenty-five years of the second Episcopate of the Diocese of Western New York, Bishop Coxe's sermon on the same occasion, and an account of the commemorative services (Jan. 3-4, 1890), which included the presentation by the Clergy of the Diocese of a beautiful pastoral staff. It was peculiarly appropriate that the anniversary address should have been delivered by Bishop Potter, since his uncle and predecessor was one of the six Bishops (none of whom survives) who assisted at the consecration of the Bishop of Western New York. One need not be a Churchman to enjoy, though perhaps he need be fully to appreciate, the ripe wisdom, the fluent eloquence, the manly and humane spirit and scholarly tone of this brief paper, in which the venerable Bishop of Western New York is vividly characterized, and praised in words that have a double charm by reason of their sincerity and truth. 'A devout and lofty rectitude, a paternal tenderness, sound learning—these are the rich possessions of the subject of this speech; and touching all these with the glow of that fine 'light that never was on sea or land,' the glow of a poetic soul.' In his beautiful and moving sermon Bishop Coxe besought his hearers to bear witness that he 'asked to be relieved from the burden of such a solemnity' as this celebration, 'lest it should degenerate into a mere festivity, or become secularized by the overflow of sentiment, without the "fear and trembling" with which all such rejoicings should be mingled.' His own attitude throughout showed how far were these apprehensions from being realized.

A FIRST-RATE presentation in popular style of the recent discoveries and researches into the history of the Hittites has been greatly needed, and the want is now well supplied. Until a decade or so ago, the very name of Hittite was but an echo, and lively critics, with nothing to contradict them but the Bible, were making merry over the idea of their ever having been among the various 'ites' of old Canaan. Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, Ph.D., D.D., the well-known author and member of the American Oriental Society, has set in popular form what is known about these 'Old Heroes, the Hittites of the Bible.' He has digested the records of the past, the transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, and the writings of Brugsch, Sayce, Conder, Wright, and other archaeologists, and is thus able to piece out a fairly continuous story. Great fighters, merchants and men of enterprise, these sons of Heth remind us of the British and Yankees of to-day, and a little spice of wit and a sense of humor in the mental composition of our compiler would not have hurt his story. Ten pages of index are added to the text. It is just the book for all who wish to know more of these people with whom Abraham negotiated for a burial lot, and who hammered and were hammered by the Egyptians and other nations, who have fortunately left so much art and literature in imperishable material. (Hunt & Eaton.)

A STRONG and scholarly work is 'Diabology: The Person and Kingdom of Satan.' The Rev. Edward H. Jewett, S.T.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology in the General Theological Seminary,

New York, being the Bishop Paddock Lecturer for 1889, chose the subject of Satanic Personality for his theme, and in grave, earnest, judicial and exhaustive method, has treated it in six discourses. He upholds with vigor the historic faith of Christendom in the personality of Satan, and examines critically the theory, which he declares untenable, of a transfer of Persian thought into the Hebrew consciousness at the time of the Babylonian captivity. This time was, as he shows, a period of religious purification rather than of corruption. He even thinks it more probable that the Zoroastrians borrowed from the Jews, than the reverse. The final chapter, on the sixth petition in the Lord's Prayer, is a brilliant specimen of close and patient scholarship, and the author justifies the Revisers in their rendering of the petition 'Deliver us from the Evil One.' The chapter on Moral Probation is strong and clear, but depends largely for its support on extra-Biblical philosophy. It is remarkable that such an able work, so rich in scholarship and references to texts and authors, should have no index. The book will be welcomed as the latest and probably the best study of a theme which can never lose its fascination. Mechanically, the volume is superb. (Thos. Whittaker.)

THE REV. JAMES STALKER is one of the most eminent of the younger men in the ministry of the Free Church in Scotland. He combines in a remarkable degree the powers of searching out truth and of applying it. A thorough scholar and keeping close to the originals, his writings on all themes have surprising point and freshness. He won his literary spurs by his 'Life of Jesus Christ'—a little book containing in its few score pages the gist of the whole matter. As the fruit of collateral studies of an endless theme, he now gives us a solid volume entitled 'Imago Christi: The Example of Jesus Christ.' After an introductory chapter on Thomas à Kempis and his immortal work, he sets forth in successive chapters Christ in the home, state, church, and society; and as a friend, man of prayer, student of Scripture, worker, sufferer, philanthropist, winner of souls, preacher, teacher, controversialist, man of feeling, and as an influence. (A. C. Armstrong & Co.)—'FOOT-PRINTS OF CHRIST,' by the Rev. Wm. M. Campbell, is a fresh presentation of the characteristics of Jesus, in sixty brief essays. The treatment is reverent, practical, and close in its application to modern life. The sentences are short and full of snap and fire. The literary skill or grace is not, however, very marked, and the Americanisms and threadbare quotations from hymns and poems do not add attractiveness to the author's handling of a theme which should command the noblest diction and the chastest thought. (Funk & Wagnalls.)

EVERY REVERENT STUDENT of truth, who wishes to follow Jesus, who commended the scribe instructed in the things of the Kingdom of Heaven, will strive to harmonize the old with the new and the new with the old. How many volumes of sermons have in them the winsome words 'old' and 'new,' 'ancient' and 'modern,' or their verbal variants and synonyms! Dr. James Morris Whiton, who did so much to make clear even to the unscholastic mind the difference between 'everlasting' and 'eternal,' is a preacher known on both sides of the sea. His latest book, 'New Points to Old Texts,' is well-named. In each sermon is felt the edge of the same old sword of the Spirit, but the weapon is freshly ground, pointed, polished, so as to make sin no less dreadful and God even more real. The sermons number twelve, and draw their texts and themes from the scriptures of both covenants, law and Gospel. The Hebrew saints and heroes still preach to us through Dr. Whiton, and Jonah seems the most positive Christian in the group. We have heard ultra-orthodox critics complain that the author treats his themes too subjectively, but in this volume we have truths concrete, positive and objective enough to satisfy any reasonable Christian. The discourses on prayer, and on miracle and life, are noticeably strong and that on usury eminently practical. (Thos. Whittaker.)

A HOST of critical scholars are busy with the reconstruction of the Old Testament, and of the religious ideas deduced from the Hebrew Scriptures. In such a fascinating work, there are many men who would like to take a hand, and it is to be feared that fools will be tempted to rush in where angels fear to tread. The tendency of the private to consider himself a born major-general, or of the returned tourist or missionary to imagine himself a scholar, is notorious. Yet there will always be a demand for the middleman in literature, who gathers the ore which others have dug, in order to mint it into small change for the people. Those who cannot take time or trouble to get the facts at first hand, from Ewald, Renan, Kuener, Cheyne, Willhausen, Green or Briggs, may be interested to read such a book as that by A. O. Butler—a compiler who has read much and widely among modern critical

authors, and has put his conclusions into a volume entitled 'What Moses Saw and Heard; or, The Idea of God in the Old Testament.' Despite a show of learning, it does not impress us as being the work of one familiar with the original of the Hebrew or cognate languages, and many of its explanatory statements fail to carry conviction or to satisfy our commonsense. To all who like to drink meadow-water instead of the drops of the fountain, we commend this book, which rather dogmatically attempts to settle opinions which at present can take only a tentative shape. (Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons.)

'THE BOOK DIVINE; or, How do I Know the Bible is the Word of God?' is the title given to six lectures, with introduction and appendix, by the Rev. Jacob Embury Price of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Scranton, Pa. The main argument, which is to show the harmony of the Holy Scriptures with profane history and with physical science, is fairly well maintained; the material used, however, not being always of the freshest. In his chapter on 'Unity amid Variety—Forty Writers, But One Book' the author would have made out a still stronger case, had he, according to the results of sound criticism, lengthened the list of writers to a possible hundred. The argument culminates in the final chapter, on 'The Central Person and Life—Jesus Christ.' The style of the author is clear, strong, cumulative, and many of his illustrations are felicitously used. It will form an acceptable gift to young men or addition to private and Sunday-school libraries. (Hunt & Eaton.)

'THE PERMANENT ELEMENTS of Religion' formed the theme of the Bampton Lectures of 1887 at Oxford. The lecturer, Dr. W. Boyd Carpenter, is the Bishop of Ripon—a wide reader in the broad field of literature, as well as an acute thinker. From a study of the non-Christian religions which have passed away, he argues that the elements which man's nature perennially asks for, are dependence, fellowship and progress. Buddhism, Islam and Christianity, he considers, are the three universal religions, and all these in their history witness to these three essential elements. His discussion of religion and morality, the necessity of religion, religion and personality, are especially clear and strong. In his final lecture, on 'The Religion of the Future,' he foreshadows changes of form, but seeks to demonstrate that Christianity in its essential elements will abide. The seventy-four pages of notes are rich in tidbits picked out from the author's general reading, and there is a good index. This is a book for the times and is well up to the age. It ought to visibly enrich the preaching of the ministers who read it. (Macmillan & Co.) THE VOLUME bound in colors of blood and brass, stamped with war-emblems that are black and blue, and entitled 'Beneath Two Flags,' is not a novel, nor an incendiary socialist publication, but a plain story of life in the Salvation Army. The author is Miss Maud B. Booth, the daughter of the general commanding this modern crusading host. It gives her first and last impressions of the movement, and is sure to disarm prejudice by its frankness and fairness. (Funk & Wagnalls.)

TWELVE of the sermon manuscripts of the late Rev. Walter R. Brooks, who was pastor of the Baptist Church at Hamilton, N. Y., between 1858 and 1873, have been turned into print, under the editorship of Mr. William N. Clarke, and are now issued in a handsome volume. The title aptly chosen is 'God in Nature and Life.' There are also five lectures or miscellaneous papers, and a score or more of prayers which the author wrote, though the *Te Deum* is printed along with them. The discourses show the preacher to have been a reverent student of the Scriptures, who loved to make truth shine by its own light. All trickery of speech is avoided. The influence on the students of Colgate University and the theological school at Hamilton, of these discourses, in which weighty and transparent thought prevails over the fascinations of rhetoric, must have been constantly beneficial. If but a slight gloss of style charms the literary critic, the sheen of a profound yet child-like love of nature is seen in all the sermons, of which that on the History of a Soul especially pleases us. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

'THE LANGUAGE of the New Testament' is a scholarly and convenient handbook on the characteristics of New Testament Greek. It is the work of the lamented scholar William Henry Simcox, Rector of Harlaxton, England. We know of no volume that gives in so small a compass the marrow of what is known of the linguistic form of the oracles delivered by Jesus and his Apostles. The New Testament is in reality 'ancient Greek made easy,' and the author makes it still easier for all students. In his survey and judgments he has taken the solid middle ground between those who would rank the writings of the Hellenistic Jews who made the Christian's first library along with those of Plato and Aristotle, and those inclined to classify them as patois. The book is thus an ex-

cellent companion to and improvement upon Winer, and the breadth of the author's scholarship is seen in his references to standard exegetes and lexicographers, from the early grammarians down to our own Prof. J. H. Thayer. We hope that the second volume on the characteristics of the New Testament writers, will soon see the light. (Thomas Whittaker.)—A REALLY GOOD manual of devotional reading is not too common, but in 'Voices of the Spirit,' by Rev. Dr. George Matheson of Edinburgh, we think Christian believers without regard to name will welcome a real addition to the list of aids for 'the still hour.' The language is clear, chaste, strong and appropriate. (A. C. Armstrong & Sons.)

'A THEORY of Conduct' is a clear and simple discussion of an ever fresh and practical subject. The author, Archibald Alexander, an ex-Professor of Philosophy in Columbia College, is, we believe, one of the family of intellectual men who have furnished eminent philosophers, divines and scholars to the enrichment of American literature. The book is very modest in appearance, and contains but a few pages over one hundred, but the discussion is masterly. It treats of the theory of right, the theory of duty, the nature of character, and the motive of morality. Easily familiar with the modern school of ethics and philosophy, yet using only plain English, the author arrives at substantially the same conclusion as that which his famous kinsmen have taught and enforced with all the wealth of Oriental and Occidental spoils of thought. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—BELIEF is one of those subjects which for some people must needs be treated of in small books. But if Mr. George Leonard Cheney's 'Belief' fulfils that requirement, it is because he seldom wastes words, or arguments, or illustrations. Yet, for the reason that it is so tightly packed, the general reader may not be able to extract much out of the book. Mr. Cheney finds ground on which to build a positive belief in the truths of mathematics, the ideas of right and order, and the sense of personality. Spirit as quality, and not divorced from matter, but infinite, is his formula for Deity. His chapter on 'Christ,' though candid, bold and subtle, will be found satisfactory by very few; but what he says of atonement will probably satisfy most Christians. The chapters 'Hell' and 'Heaven' may be said to voice the general beliefs of the day both in the churches and out of them. (Roberts Bros.)

Magazine Notes

'WHO ARE the coming men in England just now?' is a question that Mr. Justin McCarthy repeats and essays to answer in the *March North American Review*. Who is to be Poet Laureate when Tennyson follows Browning, as he must soon do? Not Swinburne, because of his lyrical blasphemings in the past; nor William Morris, because of his present radicalism. Yet he can mention no one more likely. So, too, among the novelists, those who have talent are already recognized, and there is none whose career is all before him. In politics he does not see a coming Gladstone on one side of the field, nor a coming Disraeli on the other. Still, the future holds golden opportunities for men like Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley, Mr. Labouchere and Sir Charles Russell. Max O'Rell, in his usual amusing style, discusses American 'Lively Journalism'—a subject which, he shows, is worthy of his powers. He compares American newspaper reporting to English, and finds the former much the more readable sort. 'An American paper is a huge collection of short stories.' Why should anyone care for accuracy at the cost of readability? And he admires the headlines by which 'the goods are labelled so as to immediately strike the customer.' Susa Young Gates, one of Brigham Young's fifty-seven children, supplements a defence of the family life of the Mormons with the statement to the 'mistaken, prejudiced American public,' that it has 'struck from Mormon hands the power to solve the great question of pure, holy marriage.' In 'Looking Backward Again,' Mr. Bellamy shows himself to be an angel, or little less than one; for he declares that he has enjoyed the critical notices of his popular book even more than the gushing ones. He gladly welcomes criticisms and suggestions of his work in the line of social reform. Senator Morill is the 'giant' who discusses Free Trade and Protection this month; and the 'Limitations of the Speakership' are treated of by Speaker Reed and ex-Speaker Carlisle.

In the *March Forum*, the article that will be most generally read is probably Mr. W. H. Mallock's, on 'The Relation of Art to Truth.' It is apropos of Zola and his followers, but examines the questions that they have stirred up from a broader than the ordinary point of view. Mr. Mallock reminds us that excessive idealism has always resulted in mannerism, but he also points out that mere reporting is not art, and that absolute fidelity to nature, even in the most voluminous report, is impossible. The artist is, indeed, required to picture something that is, or has been, or may be; but he must be allowed to choose and to group his details. Having

chosen, his work is as amenable to moral as to artistic criticism, and the truth of a partial representation of life does not relieve him from censure if he has chosen the worse part. In drawing a comparison between 'France in 1789 and France in 1889,' Mr. Frederic Harrison says that 'Europe has seen in this century nothing more striking, and hardly any single thing more entirely blessed, than the transfiguration of rural France from its state under the ancient monarchy—as shown in Arthur Young's Travels—to its state under the new Republic.'

The experiments and discoveries of Drs. Janet, Charcot and Binet in hysteria and similar disorders are presented with a clearness which makes the subject doubly interesting in Prof. William James's article, 'The Hidden Self,' in *Scribner's* for March. These eminent specialists, M. Janet especially, think they have demonstrated that most if not all psychical disorders are due to a weakening of the power of attention, ending in the ignoring of whole classes of phenomena by the ordinary consciousness, and in time, the development of a subsidiary consciousness which takes note of them and forms a second self, dividing the person's mental life. Mr. James doubts if this view fully accounts for all observed facts of the kind involved, but thinks it not unlikely that it may lead to very important discoveries. Col. William C. Church's papers on 'John Ericsson, the Engineer' are concluded, and an illustrated article, 'In the Footprints of Charles Lamb,' by Benjamin Ellis Martin, is begun, to be concluded in the April number. 'A Forgotten Remnant' (of the Seminole Indians) is illustrated with very handsome drawings by Kenyon Cox, J. D. Woodward and V. Pérard. Horace Baker describes the form and movements of the Blackfellow's boomerang; and 'In the Valley' and 'Expiation' draw towards their end.

The first bound volume of *The New Review* reaches us in an illuminated cover of brown and black and red and gold, and claims the permanent place on our shelves to which contributions by such writers as Augustine Birrell, Edward Clodd, Mr. Gladstone, Bret Harte, Andrew Lang, Justin McCarthy, Cardinal Manning, Max Müller, Lord Tennyson and Prof. Vambéry entitle it. Among the contents of greatest literary interest we should place Lord Coleridge's review of Matthew Arnold, William Archer's 'The Dying Drama,' T. P. O'Connor's 'The New Journalism,' Mr. Birrell's 'Loyalty, Old and New,' Mr. Lang's 'Mythology and the Old Testament' in objection to M. Renan's views, and Lord Tennyson's poem, 'The Throstle.'

A pleasant study of 'A Pleasant Prelate,' by Miss Harriet W. Preston, and the third instalment of 'The Solution,' by Mr. Henry James, are the only things of a purely literary character in the February *New Review*. The pleasant prelate was Bishop Fortunatus of Poitiers, almoner to Queen Radeconda and author of much Low-Latin verse both pious and worldly. He saw Belisarius reconquer Rome, studied rhetoric at Ravenna, wrote an epithalamium for King Sigebert and Queen Brynhild, and saw Queen Gelesuintha enter Poitiers in her rotating silver tower. Miss Preston translates some of his poetry in a manner for which Fortunatus, if alive and familiar with the English tongue, would undoubtedly bestow on her his best blessing. 'The Deterioration in English Society,' owing to the growth of luxury and of the power of wealth, Mr. Hamilton Aidé thinks, has reached the point when a determined effort should be made to stop it. In 'Studies in Character' Mr. Parnell treads on the heels of Mr. Balfour. Mr. George Saintbury has some 'Thoughts on Republics' of no very great value.

Henrik Ibsen, Iconoclast.

ONE HEARS it said, and said with much emphasis, that Ibsen's present popularity in America is wholly factitious and insincere, the work of cliques and cliques and other deplorable influences. There is a certain plausibility in the reasoning by which this view is defended, if only we are willing to adopt a mistaken standpoint. It is error to assume that public interest in Ibsen's work is of a purely literary character. If that were the case, if the artistic quality of Ibsen's writings were the sole element to be considered, one might readily admit that for students of English and French dramatic literature Ibsen shines with a somewhat pallid ray. Judging from my own impressions, I should say that the literary side of Ibsen's work is the very last feature that suggests itself in the picture that lives in one's mental retina. Coheleth and Carlyle have literary merits, to be sure, but one would as soon think of regulating a thunderclap with a metronome as of applying simply literary tests to these and their like. Literary skill has added a barb to the shaft, it is true, but without the force behind it the missile would prove but a toy.

I ought to premise that my own acquaintance with Ibsen's work is confined to the four prose dramas which have appeared in English

under the tutelary wing of Mr. Edmund Gosse—'A Doll's House,' 'Pillars of Society,' 'Ghosts,' and 'Rosmersholm.' These are said to be fairly representative of their author, and certainly if 'Rosmersholm' is not characteristic of Ibsen it must be pronounced unique. As Dr. Holmes has reminded us, it is a dull person who requires the whole foot in order to infer a Hercules. 'A Doll's House,' in spite of the black and sinister shadow which haunts it in the person of Dr. Rank, strikes one upon the whole as a rather slight performance; and the same may be said of 'Pillars of Society,' which, however, alone among the four pieces, might lend itself fairly well to actual scenic representation. But 'Ghosts,' and above all, 'Rosmersholm,' are veritable thunderbolts, launched at all that is hollow and rotten in our boasted civilization. A sort of morbid illusion surrounds us as we read; under the fallow rays of a waning moon we mark the besotted multitudes of earth, hoodwinked by superstition or intoxicated with levity, digging their own graves at the heel of a scornful Fate, while far off the Titanic Sansculottes, Truth and Freedom, are dancing naked and unashamed. In Ibsen's eyes the whole fair-seeming temple of the world is a whitened sepulchre, which his Gothic hands are fain to destroy.

'Tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.

One might extract from these plays—what an irony lurks in the word!—a whole baffling philosophy of despair, a gospel of perdition. 'It is joy that ennoble the soul,' cries Rosmer; but this joy of life is attended with hideous effects, as the story of Oswald Alving proves. To live one's own life, to follow the natural impulses, is the highest rule of conduct; and the gratification of these tendencies, as in Johannes Rosmer's case, involves the destruction of our happiness and that of our dearest ones. This terrible drama might have for its motto that sentence of Leo X.: 'Conscience is an evil beast, that arms man against himself.' And yet it would be fallacious to assume that Ibsen has anywhere formulated a theory of life, pessimistic or other. The process of reading between the lines is always a doubtful one, and in Ibsen's case, owing to the Olympian attitude he successfully maintains, the results of the process are peculiarly untrustworthy. Messrs. Boyesen and Gosse, for instance, have attempted sketches that differ widely in their effect. Ibsen is commonly classed as a satirist, but the term is inapplicable, I venture to think. Laughter is the satirist's aim, but it is certainly not Ibsen's. His Tartuffes and Pecksniffs are not caricatured; he may despise them, but at any rate he allows them fair play. When Parson Manders induces Mrs. Alving to leave her orphanage uninsured in deference to popular prejudice, invoking a special providence just as the gambler invokes his luck, we are but faintly amused, and not at all indignant; we cannot help liking Manders, whose weaknesses are all amiable. So in 'Rosmersholm,' although Kroll, the champion of orthodox conservatism, is depicted as a violent partisan, there is nothing sanctimonious about him; his arguments are sufficiently rational and consistent from his own point of view. Of course the admirable realism of the dialogue, tending, in connection with the absence of all conventional asides, to produce the perfect illusion which Ibsen designs, has something to do with this effect of impartiality; but even this artistic sobriety is foreign to the mere satirist. Still less is Ibsen entitled to the name of moralist or reformer. The satirist prefers to choose some familiar but sporadic type as a butt for the shafts of his ridicule; the reformer attacks some public evil—such as slavery, bureaucratic maladministration, the treatment of the insane—which may be remedied by legislation or other concerted effort. But Ibsen is ready to assail deep-seated and universal characteristics, and seems to invite the retort, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin?' In the quarrel scene of 'A Doll's House,' for example, when Helmer declares, 'No man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves,' Nora is prompt with the withering reply, 'Millions of women have done so.' True enough, and Ibsen has made the famous heroics of Lovelace,

I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more,

sound poor and false in the repetition; but *cui bono*? Is masculine self-love, that growth of a thousand ages, fostered by innumerable influences that breathe the very spirit of our civilization, at all likely to be eradicated by quips and gibes? Nor is the question of transmitted vicious instincts, which possesses such a morbid fascination for the Norwegian dramatist, at all a practical one, at any rate under present conditions. 'There needs no ghost, come from the grave,' to tell us that the buried Enceladus of our brute nature still survives; the rumblings and flashes that issue from his mountain-tomb are proof enough. The evil we know, but where is the cure?

No, Ibsen's hold on his readers is of another kind. He is emphatically a child of his age, pierced to the soul with the doubt, the grief that is ours. He has lost all his illusions; the 'brace of cast-off ideals' that Ulric Brendel is fain to borrow would not serve Ibsen's turn. He looks at the world with a jaundiced eye; 'man delights not him, no, nor woman neither.' His dramas have scarcely more of conscious purpose than the cry of a wounded animal; like a lyric poem, they are the expression of a mood, the fierce and impassioned utterance of a moment of rage and despair. He is above all an iconoclast, resembling the old Hebrew prophets in his noble scorn of the vices and hypocrisies of the world, and ready in his hot zeal to root up tares and wheat alike. His judgment may be warped, but he will not stoop to flatter or to lie; he will not prophesy unto us smooth things, nor cry 'Peace' when there is no peace. He tells Society the truth to its face, and the truth is damning. For America, indeed, he seems to have a warm spot in his heart—a single remaining illusion which a visit to our shores would be sure to dispel. An eye like his would speedily discern the gross and shameless materialism, the sordid avarice and debasing cynicism that are the worst characteristics of our society. Of other features, such as religious hypocrisy, which we share with older communities, he has not failed to take note. Here, indeed, is the seat of the whole disease. The divorce between profession and practice is at present complete. The principles for which Ibsen's predecessors contended are honored with general acceptance and as general neglect. With an ethical code of the purest altruism, our commercial communities in practice adopt the tooth-and-nail methods of the 'struggle for existence,' with a thoroughness that would do credit to their putative ancestors. We go on repeating the ancient catchwords in a non-natural sense, until there is crying need of an esoteric primer in matters of faith.

'Tis the substance that wanes ever, 'tis the symbol that exceeds;
Soon we shall have nought but Symbol,

—if indeed the time has not already come; and one cannot help asking with Ibsen, Why not break the image at once?

These things are true, but they are not the whole truth; and after all it is a distorting mirror which Ibsen holds up to nature. These leering brows and hollow smiles are not really typical, thank God! If it were otherwise, we might as well go and inconspicuously drown ourselves; 'what should suchfellows as we do, crawling between earth and heaven?' The great heart of the race is confessedly sound, or Ibsen's preaching would all be in vain. The contrast between the actual condition of society and the boastful pretensions it displays is glaring enough, and it is this contrast that attracts the attention of Ibsen and his fellows, forgetful of the vast moral progress that has been made in historical times. This progress may not have kept pace with the advance in material prosperity and scientific knowledge, but it is none the less real. 'The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation'; and we must be content to await the operation of the slow and gradual processes by which the conscience of the race is developed from age to age. Of our own groping, unresting age, that in spite of doubt and sickness of heart has persistently struggled towards the light, we may reasonably hope that the labor will not be in vain.

EDWARD J. HARDING.

Boston Letter

I HAVE SEEN lately a letter from Thomas Ball, the sculptor, written at his home in Florence, in which he alludes to the autobiography to which I referred some time ago as occupying his leisure moments. He says the work is finished, so far as the matter is concerned, but that it must all be copied in a fair hand; his own he considers pretty fair, but 'awfully slow,' so that it will take considerable time to get the MS. ready for the press. He has but little opportunity for writing except in the evening, and then he is so tired from working all day in the studio that his progress is rather unsatisfactory. There is one point which he expects will excite considerable amusement, although the subject would seem to be somewhat serious; and this is, the reason why he gave up his position as a successful portrait-painter for the seemingly less promising profession of sculpture. If Mr. Ball's experience in this matter should show that a trivial circumstance determined the change which has affected the whole tenor of his later life, it will not be the first time that an artist of celebrity has been influenced by causes which less impressionable natures find it difficult to understand, but the particular experience will have a significance of its own.

It is noticeable that both Ball and Story, our two oldest sculptors of distinction, who by the way were born in the same year, alike turned aside from the pursuits which they originally followed to the one in which they have won fame and fortune. Story's change from law, to which he was naturally drawn by the influence

and example of the great judge, his father, was more radical than that of Ball, who merely exchanged one art for another. One wonders at the versatility of Story, who, besides being an excellent musician, is a poet of more than ordinary ability, and master of a charming prose style, as every reader of 'Roba di Roma' will acknowledge. It may not be generally known that he, like Ball, was a painter before he became a sculptor, though landscapes instead of figures occupied his amateur brush. That art and literature alike have a great fascination for him is evident from his recent book, 'Conversations in a Studio,' which abounds in suggestive reflections and interesting anecdotes on these subjects. Both Story and Ball have done their life-work in art abroad, the former in Rome, the latter in Florence. The noble statue of his father in the chapel at Mount Auburn, the statue of Col. Prescott on Bunker Hill and the statue of Edward Everett in our Public Garden are familiar works of Story in this city and vicinity, while the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has his Cleopatra and Semiramis. Ball is represented in Boston by his statues of Sumner, Quincy and Andrew, the emancipation group, and the equestrian Washington. Story's best work in sculpture is ideal, as Ball's is realistic, and in this respect the one may be said to be the complement of the other.

One of the most interesting and important books to be published this spring, and one that is looked forward to with even more interest in Europe than in this country, is 'The Future of Science,' by Ernest Renan. Probably this work of the great French scholar and thinker will be the most popular of his literary productions, because the subject appeals to thousands of readers who are repelled by his books on Biblical and theological subjects. Scholars and liberal-minded readers, of course, are attracted by the wonderful learning and acuteness and the intellectual integrity which he brings to the consideration of every theme that engages his attention. But the masses, who distrust his skepticism in religious matters, turn aside even from such a book as 'The People of Israel,' which has had so remarkable a success for a work of this kind. 'The Future of Science,' however, will attract a still larger circle of readers, and Renan, by his philosophic cast of mind and his ideal tendencies, may be expected to show the limitations of the subject with a force that may perhaps commend him to the good opinion even of his detractors. The book is to be published in May by Roberts Bros. simultaneously with its publication in London by Chapman & Hall, about a fortnight after the appearance of the French edition.

In 'The House of the Wolfings,' by William Morris, which the same firm are to bring out this week, there is an interesting portrait of the author, a photogravure taken from a photograph which he sent to his publishers. It represents him in what may be called a free-and-easy dress, which is nothing more nor less than a flannel shirt, a garment which suggests the story of his being hailed by a sailor in the street as an old shipmate, which pleased the poet from its identification of him with the common people.

The new Balzac, 'Sons of the Soil,' which Roberts Bros. are to publish this week, is expected to create a good deal of interest, because it deals with that all-engrossing subject, the land question. I hear that Miss Wormeley, the translator, has been peculiarly impressed by its beauty and power. The description in its opening pages is exquisite, and the book is a picture rather than a novel, and of that pastoral sort which is so delightful to contemplate.

A correspondent of THE CRITIC in Cambridge, 'W. M. G.,' inquires whether 'Roman I. Zubof' is identical with R. I. Lipmann who published in London a translation of Lermontof's 'Hero.' In replying in the affirmative, I do so on the authority of Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, who informs me that Zubof first wrote from Dublin offering an original novel and asking T. Y. Crowell & Co. if they would like to bring out an American edition of his translation of Lermontof's 'A Hero of Our Time,' published under the name of R. I. Lipmann. After he came to Boston he exhibited a letter signed by Prof. Cook of Dublin University, stating that if he wished to take his Russian name, he had a right to that of Zubof. Mr. Dole has never introduced him as Count Zubof to the few people to whom he has made him personally known, among whom is Mr. Howells. It is said by his lawyer that he was known as Zubof in Dublin. The name Lipmann, he claimed, was of Swedish origin, and he asserted that his mother's family belonged to the aristocracy of Lithuania, the language of which he professed to speak, and introduced into his stories. He is still in Boston and maintains his ability to prove his identity as Count Zubof. There is a report that he will lecture.

Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow gave a very interesting 'smoke-talk' on the Japanese water-colors (kakemonos) at the St. Botolph Club last Wednesday evening, in which he traced the influences that have affected painting in Japan, and illustrated with keen discrimination the characteristics of the various schools and masters.

The talk is to be repeated next Thursday morning for the benefit of the lady friends of members of the Club. These kakemonos of Dr. Charles G. Wild are only a small portion of the number to be exhibited at the reopening of the Museum of Fine Arts, when Prof. Morse's pottery and Dr. Bigelow's bronzes are to be on exhibition—three collections unrivalled even in Japan, and placing Boston at the head of repositories of the art of that country.

BOSTON, March 10, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

London Letter

WE ARE BOUND to suppose that Serjeant Ballantyne and Serjeant Robinson have done well with their merry records of life among the law-courts, since here is another legal luminary already in the field, following the same lead over the same line of country. Mr. Montagu Williams is, however, more serious, and more given to narrative proper and methodical, than is either of his two autobiographical predecessors. Were I to compare 'Leaves of a Life' with the 'Reminiscences' of the one Serjeant, or the 'Bench and Bar' of the other, I should say it is more interesting and more coherent, but hardly so humorous and vivacious as either of them. One anecdote, however, is entirely in Robinson's vein. It is that of a lady who, desirous of enhancing attractions already considerable, sought the notorious Madame Rachel. Madame Rachel prescribed, to begin with, a bath compounded of divers ingredients, and whilst the victim was immersed in this, her jewelry which had been left carelessly lying about the adjoining dressing-room, disappeared. Remonstrance and inquiry only produced insolent recrimination. The thief would not even affect to condole with the sufferer, nor to institute a search. Instead, she and the beauty had 'words'; the result being that the latter was threatened with the usual penalty resorted to by wretches who traffic in such folly, when turned upon. The husband was to be told. Beauty rose to the occasion, and with sense and spirit, plucked up heart to be beforehand with her adversary. She told her own tale, and husband and wife happily in accord, sought Mr. Montagu Williams for advice and redress. It is a pity that we are forced to add the latter was not forthcoming. The eminent solicitor, who doubtless knew what he was about, advised the lady to pocket her loss, and swallow her grievance, rather than be put to the blush before the public eye. Many of the famous criminal trials which are summarized in 'Leaves of a Life' are still fresh in the recollection of all, but it is needless to add that when looked upon from Mr. Montagu Williams's point of view, they are at once presented in a novel garb; and the appendix, in which our author gives the text of some of his own most powerful addresses, is as well worth perusal as any other portion of the book.

Sir Charles Dilke is dry, solemn, respectable—all that Sir Charles Dilke is not usually supposed to be—in the other new book of the day, 'Problems of Greater Britain.' One had need 'know such a lot,' as schoolboys say, to cope with his knowledge, and have such a memory to keep pace with his experience, that it is really with something like a sigh of relief that one lays down the two ponderous volumes. As to the accuracy of its statements, or the justness of the conclusions deduced, let others speak. I do not pretend to be learned about Australia, for instance; but I did hear one little assertion on that subject blown to pieces by an authority, in a manner that shook my faith in the rest of the 'Problems of Greater Britain' to a considerable extent. Sir Charles declares, in round terms, his conviction that, in another five-and-twenty years, the population of Australia will be greater than that of the mother country, and also that her military strength will be greater. How my Australian friend did laugh! He really hooted. Sir Charles Dilke, however, is not the only person in these days who may get run away with by an idea, while yet the idea in itself is worth consideration; and although there is much in the 'Problems of Greater Britain' which has to be taken *cum grano*, it must unquestionably be regarded as a thoughtful, well-written work, the compilation of which has cost its author infinite care and pains.

If Mme. Sarah Bernhardt ever made the remark wherewith she has been recently credited—namely, that Shakespeare created so few female characters capable of being personified, that with Lady Macbeth, Juliet and Cleopatra, the repertoire was practically exhausted, she must either have spoken at random, or have been merely considering her own powers and predilections. What about Portia? What about Beatrice? To my mind, Ellen Terry as Beatrice is Ellen Terry at her best. There is an archness, a sweetness, and a lurking diablerie about the delightful heroine of 'Much Ado about Nothing' which our present leading actress renders to perfection; whereas the noble murderess is in her hands but a faint, mocking echo of the one Lady Macbeth whom all true lovers of the English stage still delight to honor. Then Desdemona, and Constance, and above all the enchanting Shrew? Not

that we could stand Sarah Bernhardt as the Shrew. Kate was an honest Kate, even if she were not 'conformable as other household Kates'—whereas Madame Bernhardt would be nothing if she were not stabbing in the dark. So that perhaps, after all, it was of herself rather than of the dramatist that the great actress thought, if she ever did think, or did say that the roll was unduly limited. It appears, however, that Madame Bernhardt yearns to appear in a good English play of 'ye olden time'; and it having been suggested to her that there were among Shakespeare's contemporaries, several dramatists of great ability and power, she has begged to be shown their works. One, in particular, 'The Duchess of Malfy' by Webster, has been recommended to her, and has taken possession of her fancy for the time being. The Duchess would suit Madame Bernhardt. It is to be hoped that Madame Bernhardt will take the Duchess under her wing.

On Friday evening last we had an interesting lecture at the Royal Institution on the subject of the English stage in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and certainly many of us came away with our eyes opened. What, I wonder, would our exacting and punctilious performers of the present day think, if they were called upon to go through their parts on a movable stage, temporarily placed in the midst of a 'ring' of spectators, all pressing round, eager and vociferous, probably also by no means reticent in their opinions, whether flattering or the reverse. In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, as Mr. Wheatley reminded us—I will not say informed us, for we were only supposed to be reminded of a well-known fact—no such thing as a theatre existed in this country. The old plays, or shows, given on perambulatory stages on wheels, had been put down during the brief reign of the boy-king Edward VI.,—but the love of the thing—is not love of the drama an instinct in the human breast?—had not by any means died out; and strolling players acted in barns, in inn-yards, or in buildings that were used for cock-fighting, bull-baiting, or for fencing, and other athletic sports. The first innovation was the movable stage above referred to; next, this stage was shifted to one side of the building, and fixed there for the nonce. This took place, it is nearly certain, in the year 1596, as it was during this year that the painter De Witt, who visited England, made a sketch of the interior of one of these rude constructions, a drawing which has been preserved, together with notes and comments on the performances themselves.

The trial of the Bishop of Lincoln is still droning its weary length along. The question of the candlesticks on the altars of churches is that which, at the present moment, is occupying the episcopal mind. Are candlesticks lawful? If so, may they contain candles? If so, may the candles be lighted? His Grace of Canterbury seems well up in the subject. He quoted the numbers of churches which had candles in the years 1535, 1536, 1538, etc., etc., with as much fluency as if he had been speaking of the year 1889. Apparently the churches flourished while the theatres flagged, during the early period of the Elizabethan era. How long this complicated clerical machinery will be kept going, it seems hopeless to conjecture. Archbishops and bishops like to take their time, as the phrase is, and the deeper they dive into a controversy the more sediment do they stir up in which to disport themselves, not, it must be owned, greatly to the edification of dispassionate and impartial spectators.

I wonder would they like a mouse, such as effected a diversion yesterday in the House of Commons, by way of recreation? This was what took place in the middle of Sir John Gorst's speech in the privilege debate. A large, well-fed mouse suddenly emerged from its hiding-place, where doubtless it had reckoned on many more peaceful months, such as it had been enjoying during the recess, in order to see what all the noise was about? Apparently startled and discomposed by the presence of an assemblage of human beings, it darted across the floor—well done, little Tory!—to the Ministerial gangway. Received coldly, however, by unappreciative Ministers, the poor little animal ran down the floor, its course being followed with the greatest interest by hon. members, many of whom rose from their seats on the opposition benches in order to watch it more closely. Poor Sir John Gorst, rivalled by a mouse, was nowhere. All hands were up for the mouse. Finally the progress of the latter was checked by a group of members standing at the Bar, and thus headed and turned, the luckless fugitive, still staunch to its opinions, again took refuge, and found peace, below the Ministerial gangway. It is to be hoped Lord Salisbury will do something for that mouse.

From mice to cats is but a step. A few days ago a consignment of nine tons of fragments of embalmed cats from Egypt was offered for sale by auction in Liverpool. The saleroom was crowded. It was sure to be so. Liverpool people like this sort of entertainment; and competition, I am told, was keen; especially at the period when the heads came on. As much as four shillings and sixpence was paid for a head; whereas a complete body, lacking

the head, only fetched five and sixpence. Some of the bones realized three shillings each: and the bulk five pounds, seventeen shillings, per ton. The query now arises, For what were the mummies wanted? They would be somewhat dry for cat's meat, and for cat's eyes practically useless. I wonder what the Liverpool gentlemen wanted mummy cats for?

L. B. WALFORD.

The Lounger

A TEACHER in a public school not a thousand miles from New York, a woman of much intelligence and originality in her plan of education, is very fond of giving her pupils what she calls ten-minute compositions. She lets them get their pencils and pads of writing-paper ready, and then, giving them a subject, allows them ten minutes to write a composition upon it. Her idea is that this exercise stimulates the brain. Not long ago she gave 'newspapers' as a subject, but the children did not take to it very kindly. Then she said that, though it was not her custom to change the subject, she would break her rule in this instance, and let them write of 'lazy people.' If they preferred 'newspapers,' they might still have an opportunity of writing on the original theme. The pencils began to fly at once, and before five out of the ten minutes had passed, one of the boys—a youngster of twelve years—held up his pencil to indicate that he had finished. And this is what he had written: 'Newspapers are born and live a little while, and then die and are burned. The same may be said of lazy people.'

REFERRING to the misquotation of Saintsbury's 'English Prose style from Malory to Macaulay,' recently noted in this column, 'H. L.' of Sag Harbor, Long Island, writes:—"Malory to Macaulay" is good. So is this gem, which I once found in an English catalogue: "This book is of the highest interest, having once been the property of the *immortal* Milton!"

'AUTHORS may be cranky,' said a well-known publisher to me, 'but translators are crankier.' After making this statement, he gave some illustrations which seemed to conclusively establish it. Some weeks ago he received a letter from a man utterly unknown to him, saying that he would like to do some translating. The publisher replied that before giving him anything to do, he should like to see some specimens of his work. To this modest request the man replied that the publisher's business was not to decide upon the merit of translations, but to give out the work; that the translator's name went with it, and that consequently he, and not the publisher, bore the responsibility. Now if that is not an amusing line of argument, I don't know what is. I need hardly say that the publisher seemed to think that he did have some responsibility in the matter, and that further negotiations with this particular translator came to an end.

MRS. KENDAL is said to have advised the members of the Society of Young Girls of Pure Character on the Stage (can it be that this is a genuine title?), who gave her a reception last week, that they should be 'actresses to a certain extent off the stage, as well as behind the footlights.' I take it that what she meant to say was, that in private life the actress should strive to be as fine a creature as she pretends to be upon the stage; not that she should assume a virtue though she has it not. The trouble with too many actresses—and actors, too—is that they *do* act when off the stage. I have seen many a player strutting his brief hour behind the footlights, who obviously had no title to the name: you could see in a moment that he was not and could never hope to be an actor; and yet, paradoxically enough, the fact that he *was* an actor (by profession, that is, if not by veritable 'calling') was patent to anyone who passed him in the street. His dress, his air, his manifold affectations betrayed him to the least skilled observer. It was not true of him, as of Garrick, that

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN, who will be remembered as having paid this country a visit last season, is now in Japan, where he has been interviewing Sir Edwin Arnold. Sir Edwin has almost become a Japanese in his devotion to the manners and customs of that country. He is keeping house at Tokio, in a bungalow belonging to Gen. Palmer, an employee of the Japanese Government and correspondent of the London *Times*. He leaves his shoes at his front door, and enters his house in his stocking feet, à la Japonaise.

Sir Edwin even sleeps like a Japanese, on a thick quilt of the take-uthy-bed-and-walk pattern, spread on the floor at night, and by day rolled up into a sliding cupboard. Of furniture the room has none, except a

cheap European wash-stand and two Japanese chests of drawers of the characteristic white wood and black ironwork. To assist the wash-stand in advancing the march of civilization, a Court-sword and a blazer were hanging from clothes pegs side by side. The walls of his little bedroom, a mere closet like the Iron Duke's, are made of tissue-paper panels powdered with silver maple leaves with a clear glass belt at a height inconducive to propriety. Miss Arnold has a large handsome room furnished in the European style. Their drawing-room is a charming room, with two sides glass-pannelled from floor to ceiling, and the other two with red-and-gold flowered paper panneling up to two feet from the ceiling, and an effective dado of brown plaster, the woodwork being fir, like the ceiling, which is supported in the centre by an unhewn cherry trunk. The residence in Australia of my old shipmate, Sir Edwin's son, is hinted by a 'possum-rug, and American civilization represented by a stove. On one of the little 'occasional' tables is a bunch of roses that has escaped the frost, and by the roses appropriately is Trübner's new edition of 'The Light of Asia.'

Mr. Sladen's article, which appears in *The Pall Mall*, is illustrated by Henry Savage Landor, 'the grandson of his grandfather.'

I WONDER if there was not something of sympathy with the helpless invalid as against the active millionaire in Judge Daly's decision in the case of House *vs.* Clemens. Here was poor House, tied to his chair, burning his midnight oil to keep body and soul together by dramatizing 'The Prince and the Pauper,' and before he had had time to realize his dream of fame and money, lo! the millionaire author snatches the book from his fingers and gives it to Mrs. Richardson to make into a play, leaving the invalid with his midnight oil spent for nothing. The fact of Mr. Clemens's shrewdness as a business man is brought up against him and made to look as much as possible like overreaching, and the case is decided in favor of Mr. House. But there is another court for Mr. Clemens to appeal to, and he is going to appeal to it, I believe. In the mean time an arrangement has been made for the continued presentation of the play.

A DEALER in old books would like to know the name and address of my Newark correspondent who owns a copy of Hawthorne's 'Celestial City.'

IT IS SAID that John W. Lovell has gleaned the English field of all its novelists; that he has had an agent abroad for a year, reaping the harvest for him. Fortunately for other publishers, the literary crops are always being renewed. Mr. Lovell may have secured every author at present known to fortune and to fame, but it does not follow that the man coming after him may not glean a goodly crop. Mrs. Humphry Ward, Florence Warden and Rider Haggard are all a growth of the past two years or so. No one knows where the seed is going to spring up the next time, so other publishers will have a chance if they only keep their eyes open.

IN AN INTERVIEW in the *Times*, ex-President Andrew D. White of Cornell expresses his approval of the idea of a national university, endowed and supported, in part at least, by Government, provided it could be kept from becoming the foot-ball of politicians. But with his views on this important subject I am not at present concerned. All that I care to speak of just now is the statement that Washington would be a good site for such an institution for the reason (among others) that 'in that city a great number of our foremost literary and scientific men are gathered.' Is this true as to literary men? Two or three eminent names occur to me, but not more. How many of our 'foremost literary men' are 'gathered' in Washington?—men-of-letters, I mean, as distinguished from men of science.

Robert Browning

A LARGER audience than attended the first was present at the second of Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne's readings from Browning at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday afternoon. The house was well filled, and the reader's excellent delivery of 'Andrea del Sarto,' 'Childe Roland,' 'A Tale,' 'Up at a Villa—Down in the City' and 'Count Gismond' received every mark of intelligent appreciation.

Mr. Curtis gives a most interesting account in the March *Harper's* of his first meeting with the Brownings in Florence, over forty years ago:—

Hastening to his room near the Piazza Novella, he wrote a note asking permission for a young American to call and pay his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Browning, but wrote it in terms which, however warm, would yet permit it to be put aside if it seemed impertinent, or if for any reason such a call were not desired. The

next morning betimes the note was despatched, and a half-hour had not passed when there was a brisk rap at the Easy Chair's door. He opened it, and saw a young man, who briskly inquired, 'Is Mr. Easy Chair here?' 'That is my name.' 'I am Robert Browning.' Browning shook hands heartily with his young American admirer, and thanked him for his note. The poet was then about thirty-five. His figure was not large, but compact, erect, and active; the face smooth, the hair dark; the aspect that of active intelligence, and of a man of the world. He was in no way eccentric, either in manner or appearance. He talked freely, with great vivacity, and delightfully, rising and walking about the room as his talk sparkled on. He heard, with evident pleasure, but with entire simplicity and manliness, of the American interest in his works and in those of Mrs. Browning, and the Easy Chair gave him a copy of Miss Fuller's paper in the *Tribune*. It was a bright and, to the Easy Chair, a wonderfully happy hour. As he went, the poet said that Mrs. Browning would certainly expect to give Mr. Easy Chair a cup of tea in the evening, and with a brisk and gay good-by, Browning was gone. . . . It was not in the Casa Guidi that the Brownings were then living, but in an apartment in the Via della Scala, not far from the place or square most familiar to strangers in Florence—the Piazza Trinità. Through several rooms the Easy Chair passed, Browning leading the way, until at the end they entered a smaller room arranged with an air of English comfort, where at a table, bending over a tea-urn, sat a slight lady, her long curls drooping forward. 'Here,' said Browning, addressing her with a tender diminutive, 'here is Mr. Easy Chair.' . . . The most kindly welcome and pleasant chat followed, Browning's gayety dashing and flashing in, with a sense of profuse and bubbling vitality, glancing at a hundred topics; and when there was some allusion to his 'Sordello,' he asked quickly, with an amused smile, 'Have you read it?' The Easy Chair pleaded that he had not seen it. 'So much the better. Nobody understands it. Don't read it, except in the revised form which is coming.' The revised form has come long ago, and the Easy Chair has read, and probably supposes that he understands. But Thackeray used to say that he did not read Browning because he could not comprehend him, adding, ruefully, 'I have no head above my eyes.'

Of Browning's will, which was proved last month, the *London Standard* says:—

Not only is it drawn up throughout in the poet's own handwriting, but the signatures of the witnesses are those of the Laureate and Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and editor of the best anthology of English verse ever compiled. The amount of the personality, which is sworn under sixteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-four pounds, shows that the author of 'Sordello' was not one of those fortunate singers whose melodies were golden, except in a purely metaphorical sense. The will, which is dated the 12th of February, 1864, is extremely simple in its provisions. Out of the proceeds of the testator's Italian stocks and securities a sum of two hundred pounds a year is to be paid to his sister, Miss Marianna Browning, the residue of his estate being bequeathed to his son, Mr. Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning.

An anonymous writer in the February *Atlantic* makes this attempt to define Browning's position. —

The prevalent opinion even now is that Browning, notwithstanding the rare intellectual power which enriches much of his inferior work, will suffer very seriously from his defective art. Nevertheless, he must rank as the most powerful realist in the representation of human life who has appeared in England since Shakespeare. He also possessed a lyrical gift, which, in its best expression, entitles him to a place only below the first. He had, too, a peculiar felicity in rendering mysticism, in giving form to vague feeling, and in expressing the moods of indefinite suggestion that music awakens. He had an estate in the borderland of thought and feeling, on the confines of our knowledge, in the places that look to the promised land. This faculty yielded to him a few characteristic and original poems, in which there is a kind of exaltation at times, and at times of sorcery. The fascination in these, together with his dramatic realism and his lyrical movement, constitute his power as a poet, apart from all consideration of what he said. They do not place him among the few supreme poets of his country.

A portrait of Mr. Browning from a photograph—a not very pleasing likeness—is the frontispiece of the February number of the new *London* journal, *The Art Review*. A much better picture—a reproduction of Lehmann's painting—is inserted in the middle of the magazine. From among twelve stanzas by William Sharp in the same number we quote the last two:—

No carven stone, no monumental fane,
Can equal this: that he hath builded deep
A cenotaph beyond the assailing reign
Of her whose eyes are dusk with Night and Sleep.
Queenly Oblivion: no Pyramid,
No vast, gigantic Tomb, no Sepulchre
Made awful with the imag'ries of doom,
Evade her hand who one day shall inter
Man's proudest monuments, as she hath hid
The immemorial past within her womb.
For he hath built his lasting monument
Within the hearts and in the minds of men:
The Powers of Life around its base have bent
The Stream of Memory: our furthest ken
Beholds no reach, no limit to its rise:
It hath foundations sure; it shall not pass;
The ruin of Time upon it none shall see,
Till the last wind shall wither the last grass,
Nay, while man's Hopes, Fears, Dreams, and Agonies
Uplift his soul to Immortality.

International Copyright

UNDER the striking title, 'Help Pull Down the Black Flag!' the Executive Committee of the Copyright League, through its Secretary, Mr. R. U. Johnson, has just issued this call:—

Now is the time to work for the International Copyright Bill. The bill is before both Houses, supported by favorable reports; but to succeed it must have votes. They are best obtained by writing to Senators and Members of Congress, urging its passage in the interest of the public honor and welfare, and by obtaining active support from editors. The bill in its present shape is the very best attainable measure; it is the programme of the friends of the reform; if amended, it will probably be defeated, and piracy will continue for another generation. Documents are sent to you herewith. Kindly inform me of replies received from legislators.

The following national and other associations have officially declared for the pending International Copyright bill:—

1. The American Copyright League, representing the authors of America *en masse* in all portions of the country.
2. The American Publishers' Copyright League, representing all the well-known publishers, including those of St. Paul, St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati.
3. The United Typothetæ, representing the employing printers of the country.
4. The International Typographical Union of America, representing typesetters, printers, pressmen.
5. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association, representing publishers of leading newspapers in all parts of the country.
6. Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association—State and City Superintendents of Schools, and others.
7. The Western Association of Writers, headquarters at Indianapolis.
8. The Boston Copyright Association.
9. The Washington Copyright Association.
10. The Chicago Copyright League.

Mr. B. F. Stevens has just issued to subscribers the third volume of his priceless series of 'Fac-similes of MSS. in European Archives Relating to America'; and we heartily endorse what *The Evening Post* is moved to say apropos of the volume's arrival in this country:—

The undertaking is one proper for the Government of the United States, and would be an honor to it. In default of its initiative or patronage, how ought the Government—i. e., the people—of this country to regard the patriotic American who takes the risk of the enterprise commercially? Might it not fitly send a national ship for the volumes, if that were needed as a token of its appreciation? On the contrary, it does what it can to exclude them, and to insure Mr. Stevens's failure to recover his outlay. It imposes (except in the case of public libraries) a duty on each portion of the work, and increases for any collector or student the subscription price by one-quarter. There was question whether the 'Fac-similes' might not come in as periodical issues. At home we allow the Pirates' Own libraries to circulate through the mails at periodical rates of postage. But mark the determining consideration: these precious 'Fac-similes' must be somehow enveloped in order to avoid destruction in transit, and they are actually placed in 'substantial boxes made of cloth and leather,' thus, though they are unstitched, being assimilated to books. Hence the Treasury finds that the true (and we may as well relieve ourselves by saying the infernal) intent of the law is, that a tax should be clapt upon American—not

foreign—disinterestedness, devotion, arduous application, skill, scholarly research, and popular knowledge of the history of these United States.

Mr. Charles B. Curtis writes as follows, in a letter on 'Duties on Books,' in a recent number of the *Tribune*:—

Our policy in respect to the tariff on books is without precedent among men, past or present. A few of the foreign nations are so impoverished that, in order to raise the revenue needed for their support, they are forced to tax everything imported, books with the rest, but the policy of taxing these articles as a protective measure has never been adopted in any country but ours. Every Government in Europe except Spain admits books free, even Russia, self-centred and intolerant as she is of foreign ideas. They are free in Sweden, Norway, Great Britain, the German Empire, Austria, Belgium and France. Even China and Japan, nations which we in our pride and self-conceit call uncivilized, and whose people we shut out from our shores, have sufficient intelligence to make a tariff that, in this respect, should put us to the blush. The only nations in which duties on books are charged, are the following (see Senate Document, 1884, 'Foreign Tariffs'):—Liberia, Hayti, 1 to 20 cents per volume; Mexico, about 40 cents per 100 pounds; Argentine Republic, 5 per cent.; Guatemala, 10 per cent.; Spain, about 80 cents per 100 pounds.

Of these six countries, two are peopled by Negroes, all are poor and burdened with debt, and some of them are only recently emerging from the dominion of superstition and misrule. But bad as their financial and intellectual condition may be, they do not try to make it worse by imposing a restrictive tax on knowledge. Their duties are small, while our rich and powerful Nation with an overflowing Treasury exacts a sum two and a half times as high as the highest of them, and greater than that of all the nations of the earth added together.

It may be stated that in all the European countries above named paintings and engravings are also free, except in Spain, where a duty of one peseta on each picture is exacted. The painting of Turner, recently purchased by a public-spirited amateur in New York, might travel free through every custom house in Europe until it reached Spain, where it would be subjected to a tariff of exactly 20 cents. When it reaches the United States it will be weighted with a duty 150,000 times as great, or say \$30,000.

The Free Circulating Library

THERE was a 'full house' at Chickering Hall on Thursday afternoon, March 6, when a number of distinguished citizens delivered addresses in behalf of the New York Free Circulating Library. The meeting was called by the Trustees, and Mr. Benjamin H. Field, President of the Board, presided. Many other well-known New Yorkers were seated on the platform, and several of the ladies who have done so much to advance the interests of the Library were present in the audience. Ex-Judge Henry E. Howland briefly narrated the history of the institution, and introduced ex-President Cleveland. President Low of Columbia, Mr. Joseph H. Choate and Mr. Andrew Carnegie were the other speakers. Mr. Carl Schurz, who was to have spoken, had a sore throat and so, though present, was necessarily excused. Among other things, Mr. Cleveland said:—

A man or woman who never reads and is abandoned to unthinking torpor, or who allows the entire mental life to be bounded by the narrow lines of a daily recurring routine of effort for mere existence, cannot escape a condition of barrenness of mind, which not only causes the decay of individual contentment and happiness, but fails to yield to the State its justly expected return of usefulness in valuable service and wholesome political action. Another branch of this question should not be overlooked. It is not only of great importance that our youth and our men and women should have the ability, the desire, and the opportunity to read, but the kind of books they read is no less important. Without guidance and without the invitation and encouragement to read publications which will improve as well as interest, there is danger that our people will have in their hands books whose influence and tendency are of a negative sort, if not positively bad and mischievous. Like other good things the ability and opportunity to read may be so used as to defeat their beneficent purposes.

These considerations, and the fact that many among us having the ability and inclination to read are unable to furnish themselves with profitable and wholesome books, amply justify the beneficent mission of our Free Circulating Library. Its plan and operation, so exactly adjusted to meet a situation which cannot safely be

ignored and to wants which ought not to be neglected, establish its claim upon the encouragement and reasonable aid of the public authorities and commend it most fully to the support and generosity of private benefaction. The development which this good work has already reached in our city has exhibited the broad field yet remaining untouched and the inadequacy of present operations. It has brought to view, also, instances of noble individual philanthropy and disinterested private effort and contribution. But it certainly seems that the time and money directed to this object are confined to a circle of persons far too narrow, and that the public encouragement and aid have been greatly disproportioned to private endeavor.

In an interview in last Sunday's *Herald*, Mr. Carnegie is quoted as saying:—

Baltimore has one central, with five branch libraries, on which the municipality expends \$50,000 yearly. Cincinnati spends \$40,000. Cleveland has an excellent free library. St. Louis has one for which \$20,000 is annually appropriated. Pittsburgh has just agreed to expend \$40,000 a year upon its free libraries, one central and four branches. Boston spends over \$100,000 a year. Chicago is building a splendid library on the north side and another on the south side, on which institutions \$4,000,000 are to be expended. These are all free circulating libraries and are all supported from the public funds, except in the case of Chicago, where it is thought the private gifts will be sufficient to maintain them. . . . By the laws of [New York] State every city is authorized to pay \$5,000 yearly for every hundred thousand volumes circulated. The New York Free Circulating Library, having circulated 431,000 volumes last year, was entitled to \$20,000, but the Board of Estimates cut the appropriation down to \$12,500, throwing a deficiency of \$7,500 upon the band of noble women who have given a great part of their time and thought for nine years past to the establishment of these libraries. I am confident that the response to the first public appeal that may be made in this emergency will be a worthy one, and that the managers of the existing libraries will be authorized to go forward and maintain all the branches in their present usefulness until it is known whether an adequate system is to be established through Mr. Tilden's bequest or through some other source.

Prof. Royce on Modern Thinkers

PROF. JOSIAH ROYCE of Harvard, author of 'The Religious Aspect of Philosophy,' the volume on 'California' in the series of American Commonwealths, and 'The Feud of Oakfield Creek,' a novel, is to repeat in this city his course of nine lectures on Modern Thinkers, recently delivered in Boston with notable success. The general purposes of this course are to give personal characterizations of some of the more noteworthy modern thinkers; to suggest, as clearly as may be possible without technical details, something of the nature of their various attitudes towards the great concerns and issues of humanity; and to illustrate, in the light of such a study, certain significant spiritual problems of our own day. The subjects will be 'Spinoza to Kant,' 'Fichte,' 'The Romantic Movement in Philosophy,' 'Hegel,' 'Schopenhauer,' 'The Rise of the Philosophy of Evolution,' 'Idealism as a Tendency in Philosophy,' 'Fate, Law, and Freedom,' and 'Optimism, Pessimism and the Moral Order.' The lectures will be given on successive Saturday evenings, beginning to-day, at the houses of Mrs. William T. Blodgett, Mrs. Charles F. Chandler, Mrs. Henry Draper, Mr. Dunham, Mrs. Henry Holt, Mrs. William C. Whitney, Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, and Mrs. William H. Draper, and tickets for the course may be obtained of Miss Dunham, 37 East 36th Street. Mr. Royce's ability as a writer and lecturer on philosophical themes is so well known that we have no hesitation in predicting a warm welcome for him among the more thoughtful people of New York.

The Washington Memorial Arch

The *Sun* published last Sunday a picture of the Arch as it will appear when erected in Washington Square. The design is certainly a great improvement on the original, beautiful as that was thought to be; and its location in the open Square will allow of certain modifications of the earlier design and the introduction of certain new features impossible to embody in an arch situated in a narrow street. Treasurer Stewart makes acknowledgment of the following contributions from March 5 to 11, inclusive, bringing up the fund to \$73,750.32. One thousand dollars of the week's receipts came through Mr. Clarence W. Bowen.

\$125:—Terrace Bowling Club.

\$117:—Employees of Comptroller's Office, through the *World*.

\$105:—Subscribers to *Commercial Advertiser's Women's Fund* (\$1 each).

\$100 each:—Cornelius M. Bliss (second subscription); C. F. Chickering; Mills & Gibbs; Gorham Manufacturing Co.; John Sloane; Daniel F. Appleton; Wyckoff, Seaman & Benedict; Ivison, Blakeman & Co.; Dr. W. Seward Webb; A. A. Low.

\$50 each:—Dr. Norvin Green; 'Cash,' through the *World*.
\$25 each:—Mrs. George Coppell; Emily Foster; Howland Davis; Major Theo. Kane Gibbs (second subscription).

\$20:—Four subscribers through the *World*.

\$8.60:—Employees of W. H. Fletcher.

\$5:—Miss Mina Prime. \$3:—'L.' \$2 each:—'Butler Boy'; 'J. H. U.' \$1:—'R. A. C.' 50 cts.—'T. W. M.' 10 cts.:—John Todd.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

MR. WALTER BOWNE'S collection of fifty-eight paintings—the most important of the four lately exhibited at the American Art Galleries—was sold at auction on the 5th inst. Over one-third sold for more than \$1000 each. The higher-priced were as follows:—'On the Lookout,' Meissonier, \$3500; 'Time of Apple-Blossoms,' Daubigny, \$3200; 'The Vanguard,' De Neuville, \$3000; 'Early Autumn,' Diaz, \$2450; 'Road to the Sea,' Corot, \$2300; 'The Seamstress,' Millet, \$2100; 'Strayed,' Troyon, \$1950; 'Monarch of the Herd,' Bonheur, \$1905; 'The Tempest,' Decamps, \$1500; 'Mussel-Gatherer,' Hagborg, \$1500; 'The Farm Sunset,' Rousseau, \$1375; 'Landscape,' Hobbema, \$1350; 'Forest Pool,' Diaz, \$1250; 'At the Pool,' Van Marcke, \$1250; 'Home of Rest and Peace,' Cazin, \$1050; 'Montemarte,' Michel, \$1050; 'The Walled Farm,' Rousseau, \$1000.

—Eighty-six paintings collected by Mr. William H. Shaw (the last of the four collections exhibited and sold at the American Art Galleries) were disposed of on Friday, March 7, for \$14,811. This made the total for the four collections (220 pictures) \$106,296, and the average about \$483.

—Mr. William Schaus announces that the collection of paintings at his home may be seen by artists and art-students, if application for cards of admission be made to him at 30 East 38th Street.

—Timothy Cole's engravings in the *April Century* will reproduce the famous altar-pieces of Giovanni Bellini in the Church of St. Zaccaria and the Church of the Frari in Venice. Each subject is a Madonna and Child. The series to which these two full-page engravings belong is receiving unstinted praise both here and abroad.

—Mrs. Janet E. Ruutz-Rees has succeeded Mr. J. D. Waring as a dealer in etchings, engravings, water-colors, artistic frames, artists' materials and fine stationery at 13 East 16th Street. Mrs. Ruutz-Rees is the President of the Kindly Club.

—L. Prang & Co. never forget 'the seasons as they roll,' and now, some three weeks before Easter, issue an 'assortment,' as varied as usual, of cards, booklets, and 'art-prints on satin,' appropriate to the festive day. The verses are by Dr. Charles Mackay, D. H. R. Goodale and others, and the pictures, many of them in colors, by such practised hands as Louis K. Harlow, Lucy Comins and F. Schuyler Mathews.

—On Friday and Saturday of last week, the Harlem Club gave a most interesting exhibition of works by representative American artists of to-day—a collection so varied and valuable as to reflect great credit on the Art Committee of this up-town club.

—At an auction sale, two months since, of the effects of Mme. Legrand, a well-to-do widow, whose villa lay between Paris and St. Germain, the executor sold for about \$800 a painting representing Abraham entertaining the angels. It proves to be a work of great merit, bearing the name of Rembrandt and the date 1656. Its authenticity is asseverated by some artists and critics and denied by others; and the lucky dealer (M. Bourgeois) who bought it has fixed \$40,000 as the price of its possession.

Current Criticism

OMAR KHAYYAM.—The great charm of all ancient literatures, one often thinks, is the finding of ourselves in the past. It is as if the fable of repeated and recurring lives were true; as if in the faith, or unbelief, or merriment, or despair, or courage, or cowardice of men long dead, we heard the echoes of our own thoughts, and the beating of hearts that were once our own. This may explain, in part, the popularity to-day of Omar Khayyam, the Poet-Astronomer of Persia. When Duke William was conquering England, when Harold fell, when Hereward the Wake was waging his hopeless fight in the fens of Ely, Omar was writing on algebra, and writing poetry too, at Merv, in Central Asi. Who could have a

foreseen that Merv would one day become a place of moment to England, or that we should be listening to that Persian singer, and finding our dreams and fancies anticipated in his! He lived in the Ages of Faith—of Faith, Christian or Moslem—and, lo, he says after the Greeks all that the Greeks said of saddest; the most resigned reflections of Marcus Aurelius rise to his lips, and he repeats, long before our day, the words of melancholy or of tolerance which now are almost commonplaces. That is why we listen, because the familiar sayings come on the wings of a strange music from a strange place—from the lips of Omar, from the City of the Desert. Yet it is very difficult, even for the learned—even for Oriental scholars—to know exactly what poems are Omar's own and which are mere imitations and copies. The ancient Persian manuscripts of his works contain, some more, some fewer, of his 'Rubaiyat,' the brief stanzas, or quatrains, in which he jotted down a thought. They are but rhymed poetic *pensées*, or maxims, aiming more at melancholy than at wit. Which are his very own? We must be content with supposing that the best are his.—*Andrew Lang, in The Independent.*

Notes

HENRY HOLT & Co. will publish at once 'The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,' by Jerome K. Jerome, the rising English humorist, whose 'Three Men in a Boat (to Say Nothing of the Dog)' has just appeared over their imprint.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'Easter Gleams,' by Lucy Larcom—a score or so of hymns and poems; 'In a Club Corner,' by A. P. Russell, author of 'A Club of One'; 'Sixty Folk-Tales,' from Slavonic sources, translated by A. H. Wratislaw, late of Christ's College, Cambridge; 'Indigenous Flowers of the Hawaiian Islands,' forty-four plates painted in water-colors and described by Mrs. Francis Sinclair, Jr.; and a revised edition of the 'Satchel Guide.' Mr. Howells's 'Lady of the Aroostook' has been added to the Riverside Paper Series.

—Harper & Brothers issue, in style uniform with Jonathan Sturges's translations from Maupassant, a translation of a South American romance called 'Maria,' the author being Jorge Isaacs and the translator Rollo Ogden, a New York journalist, specially versed in Spanish-American affairs. 'Maria' was first published in 1867, and has passed through many editions in Colombia, Mexico and Spain.

—Mr. Samuel Minturn Peck's little volume of songs and society verse, entitled 'Caps and Bells,' of which we spoke in complimentary terms three years ago, has gone into a second edition. The first was of 1500 copies.

—Another attempt to get right the title of Stanley's forthcoming (authorized) book: 'In Darkest Africa, and the Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, the Governor of Equatoria.' The manuscript is at last ready.

—Mr. Wilson Barrett prefaced his last performance in Philadelphia, last Saturday evening, with a performance of Dr. Weir Mitchell's dramatic poem, 'A Masque,' adapted to the stage under the title of 'The Miser.' The house was crowded; and at the close of the piece, Mr. Barrett, being recalled, spoke a few words of thanks and of compliment to the author, who occupied a box with a large party of his friends.

—The *Herald* reports that negotiations are nearly completed with M. Gounod to write a grand opera to be produced in America in 1892. He will himself 'superintend its production and conduct in person on the first night.' The scenes of the first, second and fourth acts are said to be laid in Mexico at the time of the Montezumas, and that of the third in the Western States.

—Mrs. Davis's biography of her late husband, published by subscription by Belford & Co., is entitled 'Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States: A Memoir, by his Wife.'

—Mr. Gladstone has all but finished his articles on the Old Testament for *Good Words*. The first, on 'The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture,' will appear in the April number, and this will be followed by others on 'The Creation Story,' 'The Mosaic Legislation,' 'The Psalms,' 'The Method of the Old Testament,' etc.

—A self-educated journalist of exceptional powers is dead—Mr. John Lovell, editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*. His tastes were literary, and his library, especially rich in Shakespearian books, was one of the largest and most varied in the north of England.

—The *Athenaeum* of March 1 is unstinted in its praise of 'The Century Dictionary,' which 'conspicuously illustrates' the 'American characteristics of enterprise and thoroughness,' and 'bids fair to be far and away the largest and best general and encyclopædic dictionary of the English language,' as well as 'one of the cheapest publications ever issued.'

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose short stories of life in India, from *Macmillan's*, have just been reprinted here by Lovell under the title of 'Plain Tales from the Hills,' is looked upon as a rising young novelist. Miss Ethel Arnold, in a letter to *The New York Ledger*, says that Mr. Kipling is only twenty-four years old, that he is a nephew by marriage of Burne-Jones the artist, and that he has just settled down to a literary life in London, after having spent the last nine years almost exclusively in India.

—Prof. Perrin, formerly of Göttingen and now of Boston University, is engaged upon an English translation of Heinrich von Sybel's 'History of the Founding of the German Empire by Wilhelm I.' It will be published by Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.

—Katherine Pearson Woods, author of 'Metzerott, Shoemaker,' is a granddaughter of the late Rev. Dr. James Dabney McCabe, a man of high attainments. Captain W. Gordon McCabe, Principal of the University School of Petersburg, Va., and a well-known writer, is a cousin. Miss Woods was 'a child of delicate physique, precocious intellect and remarkable memory.' She was educated by her mother until her seventeenth year, then entered a private school in Baltimore. In 1874 she became a member of All Saints' Sisterhood as a postulant, for six months, but was obliged give up on account of delicate health. She has spent most of her life in Baltimore.

—Ex-Governor English of Connecticut left \$10,000 to the Yale Library.

—Col. Higginson and Mrs. S. A. Bigelow are reported as having in preparation a volume of about two hundred and fifty sonnets, selected, with notes, from American writers.

—Vol. II. of Thomas Adolphus Trollope's 'What I Remember' has just left the Harper press. The first volume closed with the year 1865, in which the author's first wife died. The second comes down to last year. Men of note whose names appear in it are Liszt, Von Bülow, Gen. Sheridan, King Humbert, Pope Leo XIII., Ristori and Jenny Lind.

—'Nora's Return,' by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, is announced by Lee & Shepard as 'a sequel to "The Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen.' It gives to the heroine 'a future career, carrying with it a moral lesson with reference to the ennobling and advancement of woman.' The profits of the publication will be given to the New England Hospital for women and children.

—'The Pillars of Society' was the first of Henrik Ibsen's plays to be presented by Mrs. Erving Winslow in the course of Ibsen readings at the Hotel Brunswick which began on Monday afternoon. There was a sprinkling of men among the one hundred ladies who listened to the unfolding of this rather depressing tale of life in a small Norwegian seaport, and much interest was shown in the reader's skilful interpretation of the various characters in the play. On Wednesday Mrs. Winslow read 'A Doll's House.' The play for Friday was 'An Enemy of the People' and that for next Monday afternoon is 'The Lady from the Sea.'

—'Essays of an Americanist' is the title under which Dr. D. G. Brinton of Philadelphia has just issued, through Porter & Coates, a collection of his papers on aboriginal archæology, mythology, literature, linguistics, etc.

—Mr. Henry L. Nelson has written for this week's *Harper's Weekly* an article entitled 'Some New York Clubs,' similar to his 'Clubs of Boston,' contributed to the same periodical last January. It is illustrated from drawings by Thulstrup, Graham and H. M. Wilder.

—Mary E. Cardwill of New Albany, Ind., announces a 'Souvenir of the Fourth Annual Convention of the Western Association of Authors,' with portraits, etc.

—Lee & Shepard will soon publish 'Stories of the Civil War,' adapted, for supplementary reading, by Albert F. Blaisdell; 'Heroes and Martyrs of Invention,' by George Makepeace Towle; 'Marion Graham,' a novel, by Mrs. Margaret Woods Lawrence ('Meta Lander'); and a revised edition of the 'Development Theory,' under the title of 'A Primer of Darwinism and Organic Evolution,' by J. T. Bergen, Jr., and Fanny D. Bergen.

—Dr. Amelia B. Edwards, the novelist and Egyptologist, fell down a flight of stairs at Columbus, Ohio, on Monday afternoon, March 3, and broke her left arm above the wrist. This was at five o'clock, and at eight she mounted the lecture platform and delivered a two-hour address. She travelled all night, and delivered another lecture in Pittsburg on Tuesday night. All this time she suffered intensely. On Wednesday evening, again, she addressed a crowded house in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. Miss Edwards lectured in the Brooklyn Academy of Music last Monday; and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon of next week, at Chickering Hall, she will deliver her final lectures in this city.

—'The Presbyterian Hand-Book' for 1890, edited by the Rev. William P. White, will be published at once by Wilbur B. Ketcham, 13 Cooper Union, New York.

—A complete edition is in preparation of the works of the late Emile Augier; and M. Alexandre Dumas the younger is collecting his scattered writings of recent date to form a fourth volume of 'Entr'actes.'

—An interesting feature in *The Jewish Messenger* of March 7 is a symposium on the training of women, in which a number of thoughtful Jewesses plead for the broadest and most thorough culture—religious, intellectual and physical.

—The original MS. of the lyrics in Tennyson's 'Princess,' which was sold the other day in London, brought only \$100. A water-color portrait of an Oriental made by Thackeray, and signed and dated, brought the same sum. The MSS. of Moore's 'Lalla Rookh' and of the first canto of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' were disposed of at something like \$400 each.

—The Boston *Journal* published recently what purported to be a New York letter giving an account of a call upon Fulkerson and the latest information about the other characters in Mr. Howells's 'Hazard of New Fortunes.'

—Frederick A. Stokes & Bros. are anxious that the public should understand that they have no connection with nor interest in the firm of White & Allen, which failed this month.

—Rutgers College has conferred upon Prof. T. W. Hunt of Princeton the degree of Doctor of Literature.

—'Impressions of America' will be the title of an article shortly to appear in a leading French review from the pen of the Marchioness San Carlos, a lady well known in New York society as the daughter of the late Mrs. Madden of Cuba and niece of Mr. John L. O'Sullivan.

—A paper-covered edition of 'The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,' by Jerome K. Jerome, is announced by the Cassell Publishing Co. The book has had great success in England.

—This week's *Garden and Forest* presents a complete list of works treating of landscape-gardening published in English, French, German and Italian since 1625, the date of Lord Bacon's famous essay. It includes not only all books and pamphlets but all important articles and reviews on the subject.

—A committee, among the members of which are Lord Salisbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Granville, and the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford, Cambridge, London, and Dublin Universities, has been formed to collect and forward gifts of books to the Toronto University, whose library was recently destroyed by the fire which consumed the University buildings. All the universities, the British Museum, and a number of private firms and individuals have promised to assist the Committee. The Allan and Dominion Lines of steamers have promised to carry the gifts free to Canada.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Abbot, F. E. The Way Out of Agnosticism. \$2.00.....	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Bellamy, E. W., and Goodwin, M. W. Open Sesame! 80c.....	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Brinton, D. G. Essays of an Americanist. \$3.00.....	Phila.: Porter & Coates.
Clark, Emmons. History of the Seventh Regiment of New York. Vol. I. \$2.00.....	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Curtin, J. Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland. \$2.00.....	Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
Fyffe, C. A. History of Modern Europe. Vol. III. \$2.50.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Greer, David H. The Historical Christ. \$1.00.....	E. P. Dutton & Co.
Hearn, Lafcadio. Two Years in the French West Indies. \$1.00.....	Harper & Bros.
Hoffmann, Prof. Tricks with Cards. \$1.00.....	F. Warne & Co.
Hunt, T. W. Studies in Literature and Style. \$1.00.....	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Isaacs, Jorge. Maria. Tr. by Rollo Ogden. \$1.00.....	Harper & Bros.
Jerome, J. K. Three Men in a Boat. \$1.25.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Knoflach, A. Sound English. 25c.....	G. E. Stechert.
MacAlister, James. Manual Training. N. Y. College for the Training of Teachers. 50c.....	Cassell Pub. Co.
Macure, David. David Todd. 50c.....	Baltimore: J. F. Weishampel.
McGuinn, R. A. The Race Problem in the Churches. 50c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Moore, C. H. Gothic Architecture. \$4.50.....	Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Palfrey, J. G. History of New England. Vol. V. \$4.00.....	Quigg, L. E. Tin-Types. \$1.50.....
Quigg, L. E. Tin-Types. \$1.50.....	Boston: Lakeview Printing Co.
Read, W. The Re-strung Harp. 50c.....	Worthington Co.
Reid, Mayne. Afloat in the Forest. 25c.....	Cassell & Co.
Stead, W. T. The Pope and the New Era. \$1.50.....	London: B. F. Stevens.
Stevens, B. F. Fac-similes of the Manuscripts Relating to America, from 1772 to 1783. Vol. III. \$2.50.....	Boston: B. F. Stevens.
Storrs, R. S. The Puritan Spirit. 75c. Boston: Congregational S. S. and Pub. Society.	
Thurber, Samuel. Vocabulary of Homer's Iliad. 50c.....	Allyn & Bacon.
Torrey, Bates. Practical Typewriting. \$1.00.....	Fowler & Wells Co.
Trollope, T. A. What I Remember. Vol. II.....	Harper & Bros.
Tubs with Bottoms and Tubs Without. 50c.....	Minerva Pub. Co.
Unsatisfied. 50c.....	F. Warne & Co.
Williams, H. L. Ruy Blas. 30c.....	

EPISCOPAL CLERGYMEN

will be interested in a special offer addressed to them and printed on advertising page VIII of this issue.

BISHOP DOANE LIST.

LIST OF
SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS

APPROVED BY

Right Rev. WM. CROSWELL DOANE, S.T.D.,
BISHOP OF ALBANY.*Extract of Address delivered by the Rt. Rev. W. C. DOANE, S.T.D., before the Convention of the Diocese of Albany, 1876.*

"In this connection I beg to call the attention of the clergy to a list which I have printed in the appendix of books suitable for a Sunday-School Library. Remote from the cities, as so many of our parishes are, it will, I believe, be of real service to the clergy, and I commend it with great confidence as presenting the best sort of reading for such a library; for its compilation is due to the kind interest of a Christian woman, whose culture, experience, and devotion admirable qualify her for the work."

*Books published since January, 1890, are marked with a **

- AMONG THE TURKS. By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, C.B., D.C. L., Commander Royal Navy; author of "Jack Hooper," etc. With 27 Illustrations. 12mo, cloth extra, 80 cents.
- ARCHIE DIGBY; OR, AN ETON BOY'S HOLIDAYS. By G. E. W., author of "Harry Bertram," etc. Illustrated. 18mo, cloth extra, \$1.00.
- AT THE HOLLIES; OR, STAYING WITH AUNTIE. By E. TABOR STEPHENSON, author of "When I Was a Little Girl." 18mo, cloth extra, 60 cents.
- *AUNT BELL, THE GOOD FAIRY OF THE FAMILY. With the Story of Her Four-footed Black Guards. By HENYEY I. ARDEN. 18mo, cloth extra, 60 cents.
- BEACON FIRE (THE STORY OF THE); OR, TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT. A Tale of the Cornish Coast. By NAOMI. Illustrated. 16mo, cloth, 60 cents.
- BLIND GIRL (THE); OR, THE STORY OF LITTLE VENDLA. By the author of "The Story of the Swedish Twins." 18mo, cloth extra, 60 cents.
- BREAKERS AHEAD; OR, UNCLE JACK'S STORIES OF GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF RECENT TIMES. 1869 to 1880. By Mrs. SAXBY. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, 60 cents.
- CHILDREN'S CHAMPION (THE), AND THE VICTORIES HE WON. Pictures from the Life of the Good Earl Lord Shaftesbury. By Miss LUCY TAYLOR. 12mo, cloth extra, 80 cents.
- CORDS OF LOVE; OR, WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR? By M. E. CLEMENTS, author of "The Story of the Beacon Fire," etc. 12mo, cloth extra, 60 cents.
- CRAIG, GLACIER, AND AVALANCHE. Narratives of Daring and Disaster. By ACHILLES DAUNT, author of "With Pack and Rifle," etc. With 13 illustrations. 12mo, cloth extra, \$1.00.
- CZAR (THE). A Tale of the First Napoleon. By the author of "The Spanish Brothers." 8vo, cloth extra, \$1.50.
- CHANGED SCENES; OR, THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE. By Lady HOPE, author of "Our Coffee House," "A Maiden's Work," "Sunny Footsteps," etc. 12mo, cloth extra, \$1.00.
- CHILDREN'S MIRROR (THE). A Treasury of Stories. By Cousin KATE. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth extra, \$1.00.
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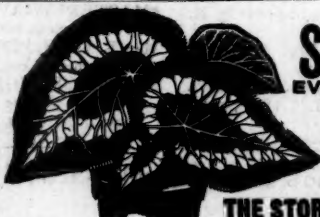
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